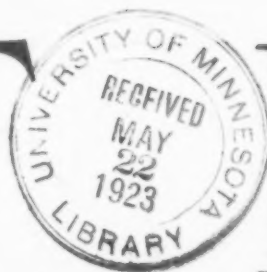


**\$1000.00 in Prizes for the Best Titles**

*See Page 22*

# L I F E



MAY 21, 1923

PRICE 15 CENTS



*Next!*





# Cantrell & Cochrane Ginger Ale

THE STANDARD  
OF TWO CONTINENTS



## "C. & C.!"

—inseparable from the zests of sports; the conventional and delightful beverage of all social occasions large and small; at Country Clubs and Clubs in town, and at the best hotels, restaurants and fountains, in homes, on trains and steamers.

"C. & C.!"—genuine Cantrell & Cochrane Ginger Ale—more than fifty years the standard beverage of two continents. Of dealers and caterers everywhere.

BELFAST

NEW YORK

DUBLIN



# To Withdraw 5c Price June 30

At Midnight of June 30, 1923, the Price of the Pocket Series Goes Back to 10 Cents Per Copy! Until Then You Can Take Your Pick at the Amazing Price of Only 5c Per Book! Price Must be Raised to 10c, Due to Great Increases in Cost of Material—Order Before Price is Raised

Prices of material only remotely affect prices of books issued by the average publisher, because their prices are set so far above actual cost of production. But the Haldeman-Julius Pocket Series is different. These 350 books are produced in mass production—and therefore the prices of paper, ink, cover stock, stitching wire, etc., are immediately reflected in the finished product. The Haldeman-Julius plant is the Ford plant of the publishing world. In this vast printery it is necessary to keep an enormous equipment at work. Skilled labor, in the little town of Girard, cannot be called in and used for a while and then let go. We must keep our workers busy, in the same way that we must keep our great plant going full blast. If we could lay off our force at will then all would be simple. We could do as the old line publishers do—print up an edition and then wait for it to be sold

out at fixed high prices. This brings us to a new problem. In keeping our great line of machines going we are faced with the situation of amazing increases in the price of all the essentials that go into book-making. Our last contract for book paper and cover stock just expired and we have but ten carloads of paper in our warehouses at the old low prices. On July 1 we begin receiving new supplies of book paper and cover stock under a contract that demands an amazing increase in price. We have canvassed the paper market and we find that we cannot get paper cheaper. To buy high-priced paper at new cost levels and keep our machinery going full force would mean a serious loss—would mean ruin—if we intended to continue selling the books at 5c per copy—a price that was decided upon when basic costs were vastly lower.

UNTIL  
JUNE 30

## Take Your Pick at only 5c Per Book

UNTIL  
JUNE 30

- |   |   |  |   |   |
|---|---|--|---|---|
| <p><b>Drama</b></p> <p>295 Master Builder. Ibsen<br/>30 Mikado. Gilbert<br/>31 Pelléas and Mélisande<br/>Materlinck<br/>316 Prometheus. Aeschylus<br/>368 Stoops to Conquer<br/>Goldsmith<br/>134 Misanthrope. Molière<br/>16 Ghosts. Ibsen<br/>389 Pillars of Society. Ibsen<br/>46 Salome. Wilde<br/>54 Importance of Being Earnest. Wilde<br/>8 Lady Windermere's Fan. Wilde<br/>121 Redemption. Tolstol<br/>99 Tartuffe. Molière<br/>226 Prof. Bernhardi. Schnitzler</p> <p><b>Shakespeare's Plays</b></p> <p>210 The Tempest<br/>211 Merry Wives Windsor<br/>212 As You Like It<br/>213 Twelfth Night<br/>214 Much Ado Nothing<br/>215 Measure for Measure<br/>216 Hamlet<br/>217 Macbeth<br/>218 King Henry V<br/>219 Julius Caesar<br/>220 Romeo and Juliet<br/>221 Midsummer Night's Dream<br/>222 Othello<br/>223 King Henry VIII<br/>224 Taming of Shrew<br/>225 King Lear<br/>226 Venus and Adonis<br/>227 King Henry IV. Part I<br/>228 King Henry IV. Part II<br/>229 King Henry VI. Part I<br/>230 King Henry VI. Part II<br/>231 King Henry VI. Part III<br/>232 Comedy of Errors<br/>233 King John<br/>234 King Richard III<br/>235 King Richard II<br/>236 Pericles<br/>238 Merchant of Venice</p> <p><b>Fiction</b></p> <p>336 The Mark of the Beast. Kipling<br/>333 Mulvaney Stories. Kipling<br/>198 Adventures of Baron Munchausen.<br/>352 Short Stories. William Morris<br/>332 The Man Who Was and Other Stories. Kipling<br/>142 Happy Prince. Wilde<br/>182 Daisy Miller. H. James<br/>162 Rue Morgue. Poe<br/>215 "L'Arlequin." Gautier<br/>292 Fil. De Maupassant<br/>199 Tallow Ball. De Maupassant<br/>6 De Maupassant's Stories<br/>15 Balzac's Stories<br/>244 Don Juan. Balzac<br/>318 Christ in Flanders. Balzac<br/>230 Fleece of Gold. Gautier<br/>178 One of Cleopatra's Nights. Gautier<br/>314 Short Stories. Daudet<br/>45 Boccaccio's Stories<br/>45 Tolstol's Short Stories<br/>12 Poe's Tales of Mystery<br/>290 The Gold Bug. Poe<br/>145 Great Ghost Stories<br/>21 "Carmen." Merimee<br/>23 Great Sea Stories<br/>319 Saint-Gerane. Dumas<br/>28 Jekyll and Hyde<br/>27 Will o' Mill. Stevenson<br/>311 Longing for Night. Stevenson</p> | <p>27 Last Days Condemned Man. Hugo<br/>151 Man Would Be King. Kipling<br/>148 Strength of Strong. London<br/>41 Xmas Carol. Dickens<br/>57 Rip Van Winkle. Irving<br/>180 Red Laugh. Andreyev<br/>165 7 Hanged. Andreyev<br/>162 Sherlock Holmes Tales<br/>161 Country of Blind. Wells<br/>85 Attack on Mill. Zola<br/>156 Andersen's Fairy Tales<br/>158 Alice in Wonderland<br/>27 Dream of Ball. Morris<br/>40 House &amp; Brain. Lorton<br/>72 Color of Life. Haldeman-Julius<br/>198 Majesty of Justice. Anatole France<br/>215 Miraculous Revenge. Shaw<br/>24 The Kiss. Chekhov<br/>285 Euphorion. Moore<br/>198 Human Tragedy. France<br/>196 The Marquis. Sand<br/>239 28 Men and Girl. Gorki<br/>29 Drama. Schreiner<br/>233 Three Strangers. Hardy<br/>27 Man Without a Country</p> <p><b>History and Biography</b></p> <p>310 Life of Jesus. Ernest Renan<br/>183 Life of Jack London<br/>269 Contemporary Portraits. Vol. 1. Frank Harris<br/>270 Contemporary Portraits. Vol. 2. Frank Harris<br/>271 Contemporary Portraits. Vol. 3. Frank Harris<br/>272 Contemporary Portraits. Vol. 4. Frank Harris<br/>328 Addison and His Time<br/>312 Life of Sterne<br/>324 Life of Lincoln<br/>222 Life of Joan of Arc<br/>339 Thoreau—the Man Who Escaped From Herd.<br/>126 History of Rome. Giles<br/>128 Julius Caesar's Life<br/>129 History of Printing<br/>149 Historic Crimes. Finger<br/>175 Science of History.<br/>Froude<br/>104 Waterloo. Hugo<br/>52 Voltaire. Hugo<br/>125 War Speeches of Wilson<br/>122 Tolstol: Life and Works<br/>142 Bismarck's Life<br/>296 Wheel Partisans Ruled<br/>343 Life of Columbus<br/>66 Crimes of Borgia. Dumas<br/>287 Whistler: The Man and His Work<br/>51 Life of Bruno<br/>147 Cromwell &amp; His Times<br/>236 Heart Affairs Henry VIII<br/>50 Paine's Common Sense<br/>88 Vindication of Paine. Ingersoll<br/>33 Brann: Sham Smasher<br/>163 Life in Greece and Rome<br/>314 Speeches of Lincoln<br/>276 Speeches of Washington<br/>144 Was Poe Immortal?<br/>232 Essay on Swinburne<br/>150 Lost Civilizations<br/>127 Keats. The Man and His Work<br/>170 Constantine and Beginnings of Christianity<br/>201 Satan and the Saints<br/>67 Church History<br/>149 Voices From the Past<br/>66 Life of Shakespeare.<br/>123 Life of Du Barry<br/>139 Life of Dante<br/>69 Life of Mary, Queen of Scots</p> | <p>5 Life of Johnson. Macaulay<br/>174 Trial of William Penn</p> <p><b>Humor</b></p> <p>291 Jump! Frog. Twain<br/>18 Idle Thoughts. Jerome<br/>166 English as She Is Spoken. Twain<br/>231 Humorous Sketches. Twain<br/>285 Artemus Ward. His Book.<br/>187 Whistler's Humor<br/>216 Wit of Helme. Eliot<br/>30 Let's Laugh. Nash</p> <p><b>Literature</b></p> <p>109 Dante and Other Vanishing Classics. Vol. 1. Mordell.<br/>110 Dante and Other Vanishing Classics. Vol. 2. Mordell.<br/>349 A. Apology for Idlers. Stevenson.<br/>355 Acausian and Nicolette. Lang<br/>278 Friendship, etc. Thoreau<br/>195 Nature. Thoreau.<br/>220 England in Shakespeare's Time. Finger<br/>194 Chesterfield's Letters<br/>63 Defense of Poetry. Shelley<br/>97 Love Letters of King Henry VIII<br/>3 Essays. Voltaire<br/>28 Toleration. Voltaire<br/>89 Love Letters of Genius<br/>186 How I Wrote "The Raven." Poe<br/>87 Love. Montaigne<br/>95 Bacon's Essays<br/>69 Emerson's Essays<br/>84 Letters of Portuguese Nun<br/>26 Going to Church. Shaw<br/>135 Socialism for Millionaires. Shaw<br/>61 Tolstol's Essays<br/>176 Four Essays. Ellis<br/>160 Shakespeare. Ingersoll<br/>75 Choice of Books. Carlyle<br/>288 Chesterfield and Rabelais. Sainte-Beuve<br/>76 Prince of Peace. Bryan<br/>86 On Reading. Brandes<br/>95 Confessions of Opium Eater<br/>213 Lincoln. Ingersoll<br/>177 Subjection of Women. Mill<br/>17 Walking. Thoreau<br/>70 Lamb's Essays<br/>235 Essays. Chesterton<br/>7 Liberal Education. Huxley<br/>233 Lit. and Art. Goethe<br/>225 Condescension in Foreigners. Lowell<br/>221 Women, and Other Essays. Materlinck<br/>10 Shelley. Thompson<br/>289 Peppy's Diary<br/>299 Prose Nature Notes. Whitman<br/>315 Pen, Pencil, Poison. Wilde<br/>313 Decay of Lying. Wilde<br/>26 Soul of Man. Wilde<br/>293 Villain: Stevenson</p> | <p>154 Epigrams of Iben<br/>197 Writings of De Segno<br/>180 Epigrams of Shaw<br/>155 Maxims. Napoleon<br/>181 Epigrams. Thoreau<br/>228 Aphorisms. Huxley<br/>113 Proverbs of England<br/>114 Proverbs of France<br/>115 Proverbs of Japan<br/>116 Proverbs of China<br/>117 Proverbs of Italy<br/>118 Proverbs of Russia<br/>119 Proverbs of Ireland<br/>120 Proverbs of Spain<br/>121 Proverbs of Arabia<br/>348 Proverbs of Scotland<br/>380 Proverbs of Yugoslavia</p> <p><b>Philosophy &amp; Religion</b></p> <p>338 A Guide to Emerson<br/>218 Essence of the Talmud<br/>11 Guide to Nietzsche<br/>Hambien<br/>159 Guide to Plato. Durant<br/>332 Buddhist Philosophy<br/>247 Guide to Stoicism<br/>124 Theory Reincarnation<br/>157 Plato's Republic<br/>62 Schopenhauer's Essays.<br/>61 Trial and Death of Socrates<br/>65 Meditations of Aurelius<br/>64 Eucken: Life and Philosophy<br/>4 Age of Reason. Paine<br/>55 Spencer: Life and Works<br/>44 Aesop's Fables<br/>165 Discovery of Future. Wells<br/>96 Dialogues. Plato<br/>325 Essence of Buddhism.<br/>103 Pocket Theology. Voltaire<br/>132 Foundations of Religion<br/>138 Studies in Pessimism. Schopenhauer<br/>211 Idea of God in Nature. Mill<br/>212 Life and Character. Goethe<br/>200 Ignorant Philosopher. Voltaire<br/>101 Thoughts of Pascal<br/>120 Stole Philosophy. Murray<br/>224 God: Known and Unknown. Butler<br/>19 Nietzsche: Who He Was<br/>204 Sun Worship. Tichenor<br/>207 Olympian Gods. Tichenor<br/>184 Primitive Beliefs<br/>153 Chinese Philosophy of Life<br/>20 What Life Means to Me<br/>London</p> <p><b>Poetry</b></p> <p>346 Old English Ballads<br/>26 Lyric Love. Robert Browning.<br/>301 Sailor Chanties and Cowboy Songs. Finger<br/>351 Memories of Lincoln<br/>Whitman<br/>208 Today's Poetry. Anthology<br/>365 Odes of Horace. Vol. 1.<br/>366 Odes of Horace. Vol. 2.<br/>9 Great English Poems<br/>152 Kasidah. Burton<br/>283 Courtship of Miles Standish<br/>282 Rime of Ancient Mariner<br/>317 L'Allegro. Milton<br/>237 Poems. Southey<br/>229 Dante's Inferno. Vol. I<br/>306 Dante's Inferno. Vol. II<br/>306 Shroshtrite Lad.</p> | <p>281 Poems of Burns<br/>1 Rubaiyat<br/>73 Whitman's Poems<br/>237 Prose Poems. Baudelaire<br/>2 Wilde's Ballad of Reading Jail<br/>32 Poe's Poems<br/>164 Michael Angelo's Sonnets<br/>71 Poems of Evolution<br/>146 Snow-Bound. Pled Piper<br/>79 Enoch Arden<br/>68 Shakespeare's Sonnets<br/>281 Lays of Ancient Rome<br/>173 Vision of Sir Launfal<br/>222 The Vampire. Kipling</p> <p><b>Science</b></p> <p>408 Introduction to Einstein<br/>Hudgings<br/>409 Great Men of Science<br/>47 Animals of Ancient Seas. Fenton.<br/>274 Animals of Ancient Lands. Fenton.<br/>327 Ice Age. Finger<br/>321 History of Evolution<br/>217 Puzzle of Personality<br/>190 Psycho-Analysis—Fielding<br/>140 Biology and Spiritual Philosophy<br/>275 Building of Earth<br/>49 Evolution. Haeckel<br/>42 Origin of Human Race<br/>238 Reflections on Science. Huxley<br/>202 Survival of Fittest. Tichenor<br/>191 Evolution vs. Religion. Balmforth<br/>133 Electricity Explained<br/>92 Hypnotism Made Plain<br/>53 Insects and Men<br/>189 Eugenics. Ellis</p> <p><b>Series of Debates</b></p> <p>130 Controversy. Ingersoll and Gladston<br/>43 Marriage and Divorce. Greeley and Owen<br/>208 Debate on Birth Control. Mrs. Sanger and Russell<br/>129 Rome or Reason. Ingersoll and Manning<br/>122 Spiritualism. Doyle and McCabe<br/>171 Has Life Any Meaning? Harris and Ward<br/>206 Capitalism. Seligman and Nearing<br/>234 McNeal-Sinclair Debate on Socialism</p> <p><b>Miscellaneous</b></p> <p>342 Hints on News Reporting.<br/>326 Hints on Short Stories<br/>192 Book of Synonyms<br/>25 Rhyming Dictionary<br/>78 How to Be an Orator<br/>82 Faults in English<br/>127 What Expectant Mothers Should Know<br/>81 Care of the Baby<br/>138 Child Training<br/>137 Home Nursing<br/>14 What Every Girl Should Know. Mrs. Sanger<br/>91 Manhood: Facts of Life<br/>83 Marriage. Besant<br/>74 On Threading of Sex<br/>38 How to Love<br/>172 Evolution of Love.<br/>203 Rights of Women. Ellis<br/>209 Aspects Birth Control<br/>200 How to Live 100 Years<br/>167 Plutarch's Rules Health<br/>330 Prince. Machiavelli</p> |
|---|---|--|---|---|

### SPECIAL BARGAIN

We have an amazing bargain for those who order full sets of 350 volumes. At 10c per copy this set is worth \$35—our special price only \$15.99, which is less than 5c per volume. If you want full set shipped prepaid, add \$1.49, or \$15.99 for 350 books and carriage charges.

Please order by number instead of titles. For instance if you want "Carmen" simply write down "21." Remember the minimum quantity is 25 books—as many more as you like. Send money order, check (add 10c to personal checks for exchange), stamps or cash with all orders. If you want books shipped prepaid, enclose 10 per cent of the amount of your order in addition. Otherwise books will be sent express collect. Canada and foreign price 10 cents per book.

**Haldeman-Julius Company, Dept. P 111, Girard, Kansas**





## The first book was a classic, but the book of the Mimeograph brings the last word in economy

Old Daddy Gutenberg made the earliest printed book nearly five hundred years ago. It was also the finest book ever made.

The art of printing was born in a high state of perfection.

But the art of speedy and inexpensive duplication came into the world with the Mimeograph.

We want you to see the book of the Mimeograph. It is not an elaborate and exhaustive affair. You can read it in minutes.

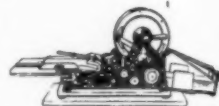
It will make clear to you how the Mimeograph is saving remarkable amounts of both time and money

in unnumbered thousands of industrial and educational institutions throughout the world.

It will show you how all kinds of letters, forms, blanks, diagrams, plans, etc., can be speedily duplicated, under your personal supervision, and with unskilled hands, at almost negligible cost.

It may indicate to you many ways by which you can greatly improve your own work and effect substantial economies therein.

Why not send a request for this interesting book "W-4" today? A. B. Dick Company, Chicago.





# Life



Decoration Day





Portrait of a man just aroused from a sound sleep trying to decide whether it was the alarm clock, telephone or door bell.

### John V. A. Keats

(The Sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," translated into the vernacular of another youthful bard of our own day. Please note that no essential change has been necessary either in the structure or meaning of the poem.)

SAY, Kid, I guess I've hiked around this whole  
Dam' earth, and there ain't nothing I ain't seen;  
Even them islands where the bunk machine  
Of this here now Apollo copped control.  
They wised me to one section of my stroll  
Where cock-eyed Homer bossed the village green;  
But all the bull he ladled missed me clean  
Till this bird Chapman knocks me fer a goal.

I feels like one o' these star-gazin' champs  
When a new comet bumps 'em in the jaw;  
Or old man Cortez, when his buzzard-lamps  
Piped the Pacific, and the guys that saw  
What he saw, rolled their eyes like movie vamps,  
Dummies, down there somewheres in Panama!

Ted Robinson.

### Just So

SOME philosopher says we find a certain gratification in the misfortunes of our friends.

We don't always do this.

Still, they should have managed better.



Summer Visitor: Pretty tough to be cut off from the rest of the world all winter.  
Native: Just as bad for them. They can't hear from us either.





Rev. John B. Squeek, who has divided the town of Bayview into two hostile camps of criticism by refusing to marry Alice B. Good, a highly respected girl, to a bootlegger.



Miss Eleanor Bump of the well known Bump family of Iowa and Scituate, Mass., who won the all-comers' non-stop beauty prize at this year's Scituate Water Carnival.



George O. Pulp, retired billionaire of Great Neck, L. I., who paid \$150,000 to Snide and Co. for an original painting by Raphael and donated it to the Institute for the Blind.



Carl Sebastapool Sax, of Bavaria, a distant relative of the inventor of the Saxophone, who arrived on the Lusitania yesterday and will lecture on Harmony and international relations.

### The Daily Leap into Newspaper Fame

#### Life's Surprises

WHILE riding in the bus, Mrs. Bond was pushed against by a rough-looking man. She thought nothing of it till she reached her home and suddenly remembered that in her coat pocket she had placed her pearls after having had them repaired. In terror she searched hurriedly. The pearls were still there.

\*\*\*

At the bridge table, Mrs. Taylor raised her husband's bid of two hearts. They were doubled and went down two hundred. Mr. Taylor said his wife had done just the right thing, and that he himself had overbid his hand. (Readers may obtain Mrs. Taylor's address by sending "s. s. a." envelope.)

\*\*\*

A play failed miserably. The actors did not say the critics had spoilt all its chances by their attitude. They said they knew at the beginning the play was rotten.

\*\*\*

A very homely woman was tried in Chicago for the murder of her husband. She was acquitted.

\*\*\*

A theatre patron went shakily to the box office to buy four seats for a season's hit. The man behind the grating was *not* called to the telephone, did *not* yawn, but said smilingly that he had splendid seats on an aisle, in the fifth row. But the buyer never saw the play. They told his widow later that evening it was his heart.

#### That for the Marathon Dancers!

LADY, little did I know  
When my heart you struck,  
it e-  
ternally would jump and go  
Buckitty, buckitty, buckitty!

Not a beat will it abate,  
And my life 'twould sweeten  
Soon to read, in headlines great:  
NON-STOP RECORD  
BEATEN. F. P. A.

#### The Lump Sum

BY means of a new device, cube sugar may now be packed in boxes without being touched by human hands.

The touch, however, comes later.

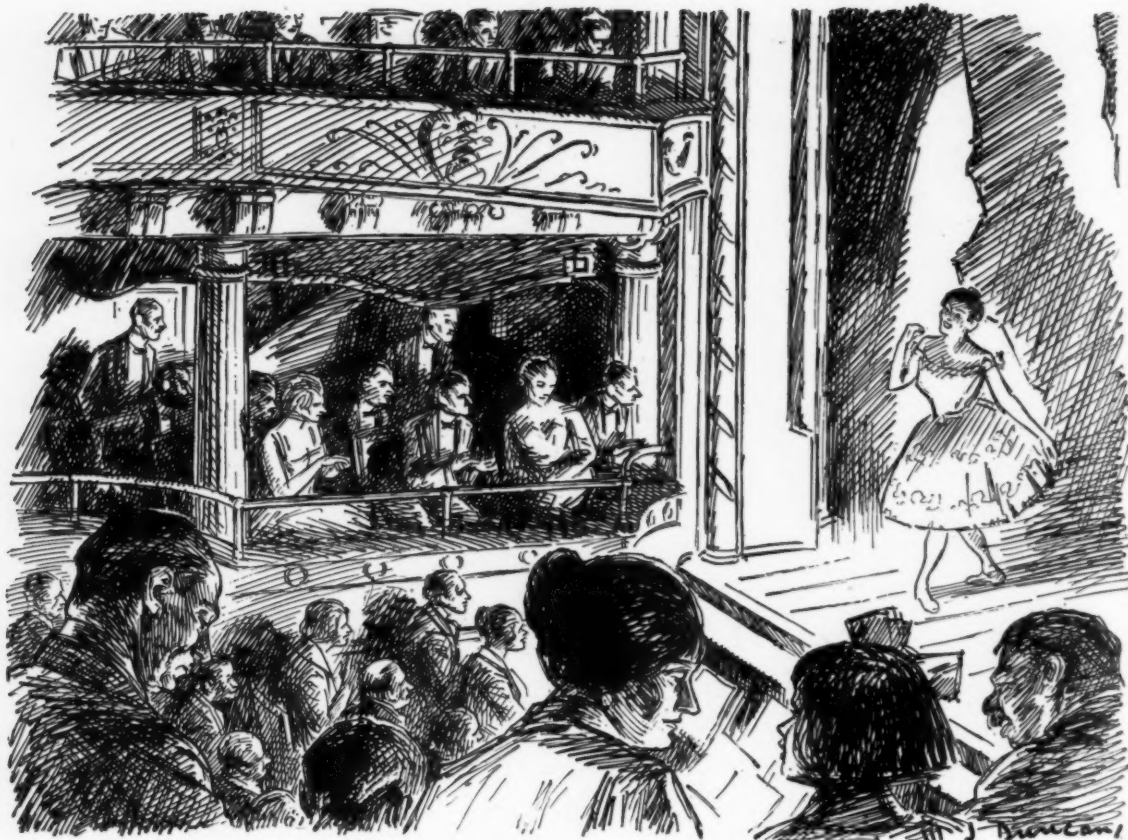
CARR: Yes, Martin is an indefatigable worker.

BARR: Why, I thought he belonged to the union.



Kind Old Lady: Why don't you make those boys stop fighting?  
Small Bystander: Who, me? It took two weeks to get 'em started.





"I didn't think the lady was so bad, mummy."

"Bad? Why, what do you mean?"

"That they should make her do it over."

### Confessions of a Poseuse

THERE was just no reason for having my portrait painted. All anyone knows about me is that decanters of port and gin always stand on my tea-wagon. I have no personal posterity who will want to know how quaint I was, when I was a slip of a—well, slipping.

But I had a pleasant orchid negligee one afternoon, and my hair newly washed, so I picked out a good painter. He had a lot of paints he wasn't using and nothing to do until he got a regular order.

Then the portrait came home. Some people would have thought that hanging was too good for it, but we didn't. I let the artist sweep everything off one wall, and I hunted up orchid cushions for the davenport, and gave a tea.

My answers (Form No. 13) may be of help to other women who have taken up vanity in a sincere and serious way:

"Well, it looks like me through the eyes, don't you think?"

"No, I don't mind posing. It just came to me.

"It only took nine sittings, with conversation.

"Yes, his wife stayed in the studio all the time.

"He had his easel about six feet

away; that is why my nose looks so small.

"No, I don't think it is too pretty. Oh, I know what you mean, of course."

Finally—defiantly, "I think it is a swell picture!"



**Chief Prohibition Agent:** Listen, men, those people from the animal show openly boast that they're going to have 4 per cent. beer at their party, and they defy us to take it away from them. How's that for gall?

No. 1

**Agents:** Lead the way, Chief—we'll show 'em!!!



## Mrs. Pep's Diary

**May 17th** All by myself this day to see "The Covered Wagon," a motion picture setting forth the bravery of our American pioneers, and so moved and thrilled by it that I wept slightly out of one eye throughout the entire action. And when a woman behind me remarked contemptuously to her companion that she considered it overhauled and that it grossly exaggerated the hardships of the 49ers, I was at some pains not to turn around and tell her that her knowledge of American history appeared to be as small as her heart. . . . By taxicab afterwards to this shop and that, and at our florist's I did encounter Thornton Swift, who told me I had the dirtiest face that ever he saw in his life on an individual over ten years of age, whereupon he washed it for me at a flowing fount, and I told him, somewhat against my will, that it was doubtless caused by the conjunction of my lorgnette with the patriotic tears I had shed. And when I reached my cab again, I reproached the driver for having let me go into so many places with so besmirched a countenance. Seldom do I catch sight of myself in a casual public mirror without thinking, Lord! how long have I looked like this? But I suppose it is thus with every woman.

**May 18th** Up and about at the break of day, resolved, as I always am on such infrequent occasions, to rise thus early for the remainder of my life,



"What did you get for your birthday, little girl?"  
 "Nothin'—never got anything since the first one, an' then I only got born."

albeit I know full well that I shall probably go to the other extreme on the morrow. . . . Barbara Charles of Boston to luncheon with me, and she told me how her husband was going about on crutches from the gout, and when I asked why so

(Continued on page 30)

## The Country Is Such a Restful Place

THE country is such a restful place.

There are seldom more than a dozen dances a week in the country. And one always feels able to drink so much synthetic gin.

The local roadhouse has such a restful air. It stays open all night.

The beach parties are so restful.

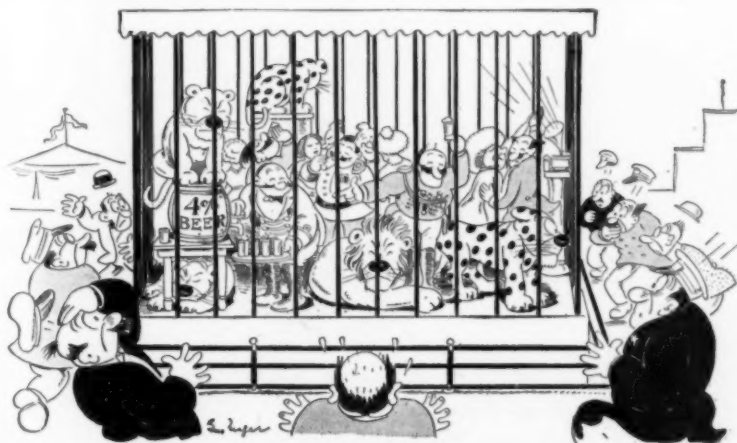
Especially those that last till the following morning.

And the afternoon teas are so restful, too. There are always so many rounds of cocktails.

Then, the week-enders are such restful people. After the city, they naturally crave rest. And there's so much of it in the country.

There's bridge, dancing, picnics, dinner parties, lunches, fêtes, fancy-dress affairs, moonlight bathing and—oh, so many ways to rest.

Really, the country is such a restful place.



No. 2

"Come and get it!!!"





"Well, Vera, I must say I don't think it's fair to your husband to run up so many bills."

"My dear, to do his best work he needs a strong incentive."

### A Wise Father

"Was your son educated in New Haven?"

"No; he went to college in New Haven, but he got his education in New York."

COMMUNISM is a community where there is nothing to eat and it is divided equally among the citizens.

ONE divided by zero is infinity:  
two divided by one is affinity.

### Life Lines

**N**ERO fiddled while Rome burned. "I couldn't bear to disappoint the radio fans," he explained.

⌋

At the three-mile limit, the big political issue is the Leak of Nations.

⌋

By another year, the Treasury Department should issue a special Income Tax blank for child movie stars with a deduction allowed for each dependent parent.

⌋

The camel, according to the American Museum of Natural History, originated on the American continent, which, oddly enough, is also the birthplace of the man who would walk a mile for one.

⌋

The obvious selection for America's representative at the World Court is William T. Tilden, 2d.

⌋

When opportunity knocks at the door of the modern business man, he generally sends out word that he is "in conference."



### The Sexophone Player

LIFE (to Bureau of Social Hygiene): Keep out!





"I've got my father's great big six-shooter with me 'n' if anybody in this woods wants to start some-  
thin' just let 'em—but they DASSNT."



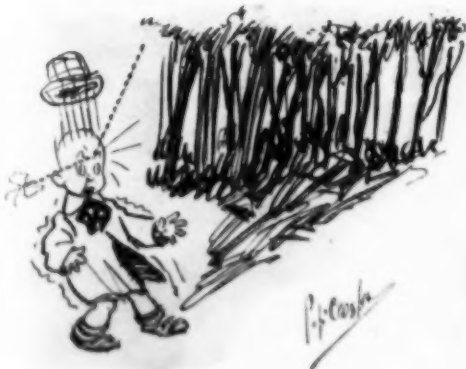
"I'll fill 'em full of lead 'n' if that don't kill 'em  
I'll take a great big rope 'n' tie 'em on our choppin'  
block 'n' cut 'em up in little pieces. I'M SO  
TOUGH I COULD DRINK BLOOD!"



"There's been a lot of people missin'  
around here, but nobody knows who  
soaked 'em in kerosene oil 'n' touched a  
match to 'em."



"Just let me get roused up 'n' I'LL BLOW  
UP THIS WHOLE WOODS!"







Portrait of a man just aroused from a sound sleep trying to decide whether it was the alarm clock, telephone or door bell.

### John V. A. Keats

(The Sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," translated into the vernacular of another youthful bard of our own day. Please note that no essential change has been necessary either in the structure or meaning of the poem.)

SAY, Kid, I guess I've hiked around this whole  
Dam' earth, and there ain't nothing I ain't seen;  
Even them islands where the bunk machine  
Of this here now Apollo copped control.  
They wised me to one section of my stroll  
Where cock-eyed Homer bossed the village green;  
But all the bull he ladled missed me clean  
Till this bird Chapman knocks me fer a goal.

I feels like one o' these star-gazin' champs  
When a new comet bumps 'em in the jaw;  
Or old man Cortez, when his buzzard-lamps  
Piped the Pacific, and the guys that saw  
What he saw, rolled their eyes like movie vamps,  
Dummies, down there somewheres in Panama!

Ted Robinson.

### Just So

SOME philosopher says we find a certain gratification in the misfortunes of our friends.

We don't always do this.

Still, they should have managed better.



Summer Visitor: Pretty tough to be cut off from the rest of the world all winter.  
Native: Just as bad for them. They can't hear from us either.





Rev. John B. Squeek, who has divided the town of Bayview into two hostile camps of criticism by refusing to marry Alice B. Gould, a highly respected girl, to a bootlegger.



Miss Eleanor Bump of the well known Bump family of Iowa and Scituate, Mass., who won the all-comers' non-stop beauty prize at this year's Scituate Water Carnival.



George O. Polp, retired millionaire of Great Neck, L. I., who paid \$150,000 to Snide and Co. for an original painting by Raphael and donated it to the Institute for the Blind.



Carl Sebastapool Sax, of Bavaria, a distant relative of the inventor of the Saxophone, who arrived on the Lusitania yesterday and will lecture on Harmony and international relations.

### The Daily Leap into Newspaper Fame

#### Life's Surprises

WHILE riding in the bus, Mrs. Bond was pushed against by a rough-looking man. She thought nothing of it till she reached her home and suddenly remembered that in her coat pocket she had placed her pearls after having had them repaired. In terror she searched hurriedly. The pearls were still there.

\*\*\*

At the bridge table, Mrs. Taylor raised her husband's bid of two hearts. They were doubled and went down two hundred. Mr. Taylor said his wife had done just the right thing, and that he himself had overbid his hand. (Readers may obtain Mrs. Taylor's address by sending "s. s. a." envelope.)

\*\*\*

A play failed miserably. The actors did not say the critics had spoilt all its chances by their attitude. They said they knew at the beginning the play was rotten.

\*\*\*

A very homely woman was tried in Chicago for the murder of her husband. She was acquitted.

\*\*\*

A theatre patron went shakily to the box office to buy four seats for a season's hit. The man behind the grating was *not* called to the telephone, did *not* yawn, but said smilingly that he had splendid seats on an aisle, in the fifth row. But the buyer never saw the play. They told his widow later that evening it was his heart.

#### That for the Marathon Dancers!

LADY, little did I know  
When my heart you struck,  
it eternally would jump and go  
Buckitty, buckitty, buckitty!

Not a beat will it abate,  
And my life 'twould sweeten  
Soon to read, in headlines great:  
NON-STOP RECORD  
BEATEN. F. P. A.

#### The Lump Sum

BY means of a new device, cube sugar may now be packed in boxes without being touched by human hands.

The touch, however, comes later.

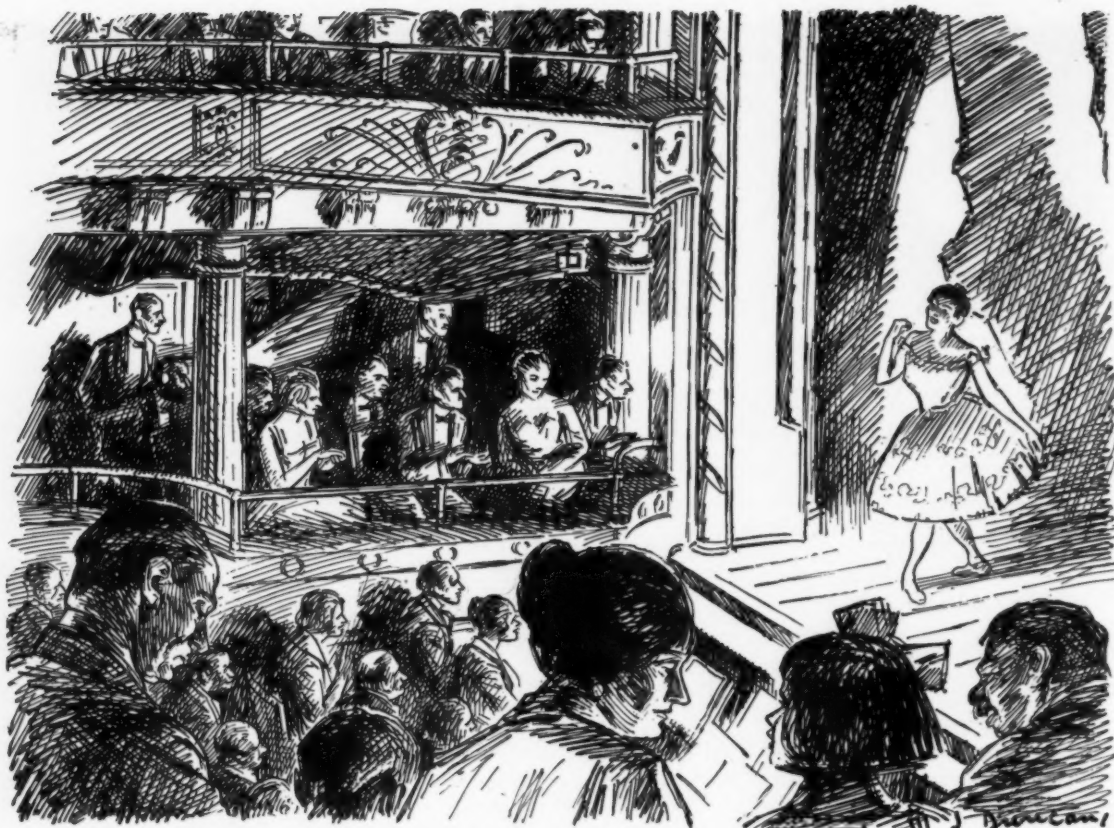
CARR: Yes, Martin is an indefatigable worker.

BARR: Why, I thought he belonged to the union.



Kind Old Lady: Why don't you make those boys stop fighting?  
Small Bystander: Who, me? It took two weeks to get 'em started.





"I didn't think the lady was so bad, mummy."

"Bad? Why, what do you mean?"

"That they should make her do it over."

### Confessions of a Poseuse

THERE was just no reason for having my portrait painted. All anyone knows about me is that decanters of port and gin always stand on my tea-wagon. I have no personal posterity who will want to know how quaint I was, when I was a slip of a—well, slipping.

But I had a pleasant orchid negligee one afternoon, and my hair newly washed, so I picked out a good painter. He had a lot of paints he wasn't using and nothing to do until he got a regular order.

Then the portrait came home. Some people would have thought that hanging was too good for it, but we didn't. I let the artist sweep everything off one wall, and I hunted up orchid cushions for the davenport, and gave a tea.

My answers (Form No. 13) may be of help to other women who have taken up vanity in a sincere and serious way:

"Well, it looks like me through the eyes, don't you think?"

"No, I don't mind posing. It just came to me.

"It only took nine sittings, with conversation.

"Yes, his wife stayed in the studio all the time.

"He had his easel about six feet

away; that is why my nose looks so small.

"No, I don't think it is too pretty. Oh, I know what you mean, of course."

Finally—defiantly, "I think it is a swell picture!"



**Chief Prohibition Agent:** Listen, men, those people from the animal show openly boast that they're going to have 4 per cent. beer at their party, and they defy us to take it away from them. How's that for gall?

No. 1

**Agents:** Lead the way, Chief—we'll show 'em!!!



## Mrs. Pep's Diary

**May 17th** All by myself this day to see "The Covered Wagon," a motion picture setting forth the bravery of our American pioneers, and so moved and thrilled by it that I wept slightly out of one eye throughout the entire action. And when a woman behind me remarked contemptuously to her companion that she considered it overheralded and that it grossly exaggerated the hardships of the 49ers, I was at some pains not to turn around and tell her that her knowledge of American history appeared to be as small as her heart. . . . By taxicab afterwards to this shop and that, and at our florist's I did encounter Thornton Swift, who told me I had the dirtiest face that ever he saw in his life on an individual over ten years of age, whereupon he washed it for me at a flowing fount, and I told him, somewhat against my will, that it was doubtless caused by the conjunction of my lorgnette with the patriotic tears I had shed. And when I reached my cab again, I reproached the driver for having let me go into so many places with so besmirched a countenance. Seldom do I catch sight of myself in a casual public mirror without thinking, Lord! how long have I looked like this? But I suppose it is thus with every woman.

**May 18th** Up and about at the break of day, resolved, as I always am on such infrequent occasions, to rise thus early for the remainder of my life,



"What did you get for your birthday, little girl?"  
"Nothin'—never got anything since the first one, an' then I only got born."

albeit I know full well that I shall probably go to the other extreme on the morrow. . . . Barbara Charles of Boston to luncheon with me, and she told me how her husband was going about on crutches from the gout, and when I asked why so

(Continued on page 30)

## The Country Is Such a Restful Place

THE country is such a restful place.

There are seldom more than a dozen dances a week in the country. And one always feels able to drink so much synthetic gin.

The local roadhouse has such a restful air. It stays open all night.

The beach parties are so restful.

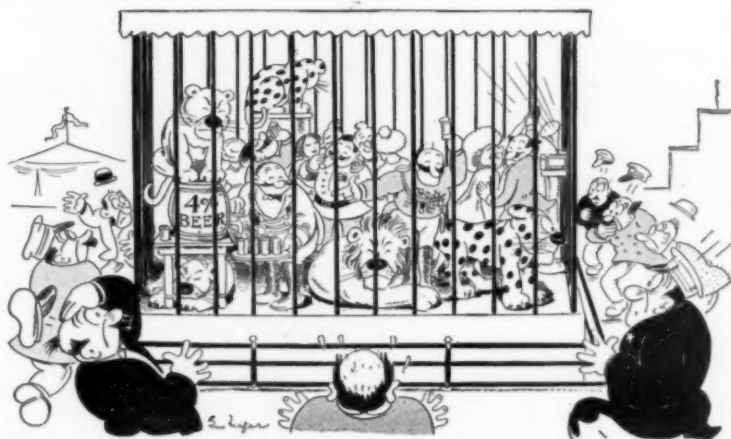
Especially those that last till the following morning.

And the afternoon teas are so restful, too. There are always so many rounds of cocktails.

Then, the week-enders are such restful people. After the city, they naturally crave rest. And there's so much of it in the country.

There's bridge, dancing, picnics, dinner parties, lunches, fêtes, fancy-dress affairs, moonlight bathing and—oh, so many ways to rest.

Really, the country is such a restful place.



No. 2

"Come and get it!!!"





"Well, Vera, I must say I don't think it's fair to your husband to run up so many bills."

"My dear, to do his best work he needs a strong incentive."

### A Wise Father

"Was your son educated in New Haven?"

"No; he went to college in New Haven, but he got his education in New York."

COMMUNISM is a community where there is nothing to eat and it is divided equally among the citizens.

ONE divided by zero is infinity; two divided by one is affinity.

### Life Lines

NERO fiddled while Rome burned. "I couldn't bear to disappoint the radio fans," he explained.

At the three-mile limit, the big political issue is the Leak of Nations.

By another year, the Treasury Department should issue a special Income Tax blank for child movie stars with a deduction allowed for each dependent parent.

The camel, according to the American Museum of Natural History, originated on the American continent, which, oddly enough, is also the birthplace of the man who would walk a mile for one.

The obvious selection for America's representative at the World Court is William T. Tilden, 2d.

When opportunity knocks at the door of the modern business man, he generally sends out word that he is "in conference."



### The Sexophone Player

LIFE (to Bureau of Social Hygiene): Keep out!





"I've got my father's great big six-shooter with me 'n' if anybody in this woods wants to start some-thin' just let 'em—but they DASSNT."



"I'll fill 'em full of lead 'n' if that don't kill 'em I'll take a great big rope 'n' tie 'em on our choppin' block 'n' cut 'em up in little pieces. I'M SO TOUGH I COULD DRINK BLOOD!"



"There's been a lot of people missin' around here, but nobody knows who soaked 'em in kerosene oil 'n' touched a match to 'em."



"Just let me get roused up 'n' I'LL BLOW UP THIS WHOLE WOODS!"







"There goes Reggie again imitating the Prince."

HAPPINESS is no more than a sufficiently quick change in the succession of one's troubles.

How to keep that schoolgirl complexion—don't put your head on other people's shoulders.



"Aunt Helen! I dot on my summer sirt!"

### Better Yet

ONE sees that a team of American golfers including Ouimet, Evans, Gardner, *et al.*, has invaded England for the purpose of showing the English how the r. & a. g. should be played. Doubtless these gentry will do well enough, but surely a much more appropriately named selection could be made. We should very much like to see a team sent over there composed of such sterling golfers as:

Adolf Link, Jonas Lie, H. J. Topping, Harold Driver, James Montgomery Flagg, Col. Frederick Stuart Greene, Bunker Bean, Rowland Hazard, Brian Hooker, George Haven Putnam, Hazard Short, Congressman Hitt, Dr. Roller, Robert Ames, and (just to be liberal toward the women) Mrs. Willard Straight.

It is important to make the team as powerful as possible, since, when it reaches the other side, it must be prepared to meet Lord Brassey, John Ball, Dean Hole and the Marquis of Dufferin.

A. E. Thomas.



### Hack Work

**I**BBITY bibbity—two cents a word,  
Four cents for postage to send it.  
Sibbity sab—which is really absurd,  
But hunger forbids me to end it.  
So, ibbity bibbity sibbity sab!  
That buys a sandwich and tea.  
While I'm about it I might as well nab  
Something more filling for me.  
Put down the names of things, one,  
two, three:  
Starry-eyed, innocent tots,  
Add the wild waves on a turbulent sea,  
A sprig of forget-me-nots.  
Succulent steak and the bouquet of wine.  
This is to be the penultimate line.  
Some day, six months from now,  
maybe I dine! D. H.

### The End of It

**T**WO dour Scotch elders were engaged in a heated argument concerning a knotty point of doctrine while on their way to church one Sunday morning. As they were nearing the church MacTavish broke into a long harangue of MacDonald's, with: "Mon, mon, if you'd only follow your arguments to their logical conclusion. . ."  
"Mon, alive," retorted MacDonald, "do you no ken yon cemetery's filled wi' logical conclusions?"



Lady (after the large man has made his way to his seat): There! I hope there's no more of him!

### Checking Up on the Prophets

**E**VERY Thursday some one comes out and says that if America keeps on doing something or other at the rate it is doing it now there will be a smash-up within ten years. Sometimes it is Europe that will collapse. Sometimes it is the whole world. This has been going on for at least ten years now, so let us look back and see what was predicted then for 1923. Ac-

cording to the exclusive information abroad at that time, our country is to-day in the following condition.

The home has vanished as an institution, owing to the prevalence of divorce. In some of the prairie districts there are a few men and women living together as man and wife, but aside from that there is nothing but chaos and free love.

The race has died out, owing to the decreasing birth-rate among the upper classes.

Industry is at a standstill as a result of the introduction of the eight-hour day.

American manufacturing, dealt a death-blow by the Underwood tariff, is extinct.

The Mississippi River has overflowed its banks and the entire Middle West is under water.

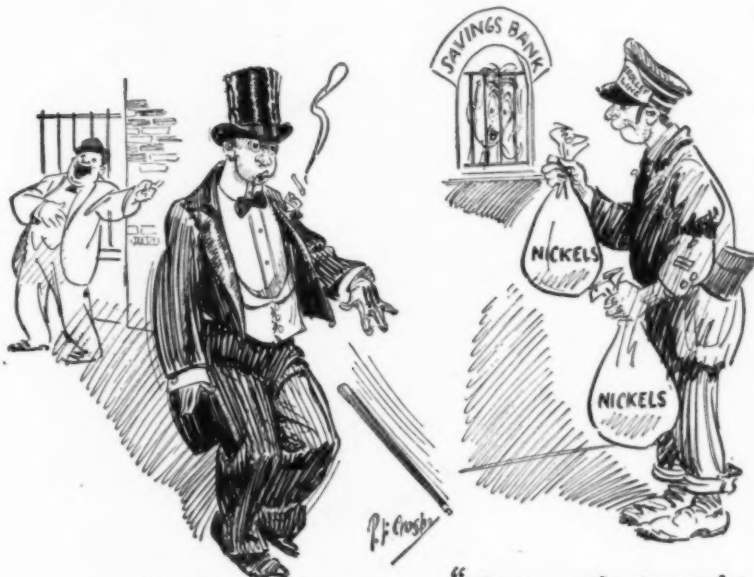
The home is shattered, family-life ruined and the Government collapsing, thanks to the establishment of Women's Suffrage.

Our supply of coal ran out a year ago and we haven't had any oil for two years.

My young son is bow-legged, owing to his having walked too soon.

Robert C. Benchley.

To have peace of mind settle among your enemies; you know what to expect of them.

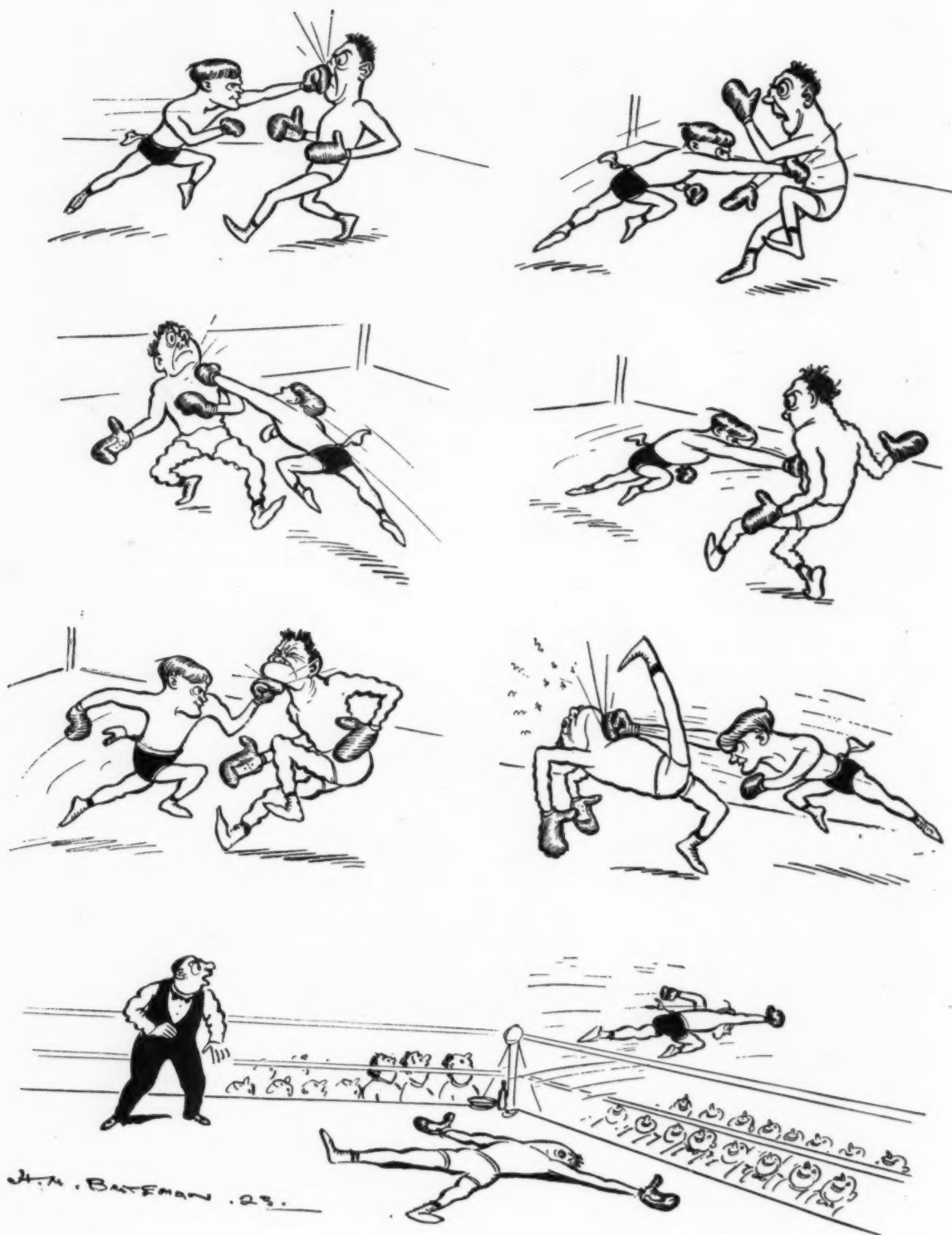


"Just say 'Hire's'"

"The car that made good in a day"

If the Advertising Slogans Were Scrambled





Little Non-Stop



## A Delicate Situation

## CHARACTERS

His Majesty.....King George

Her Majesty.....Queen Mary

**S**CENE: A private room in Buckingham Palace.  
Time: An afternoon in May.

QUEEN MARY

More sugar, George?

KING GEORGE

No thank you, Mary. Do you know, dear, that's the third time you've asked me that question within the last three minutes?

QUEEN MARY

Is it, George, dear?

KING GEORGE

Mary, tell me: have you something on your mind?

QUEEN MARY

Well—er—that is—

KING GEORGE

Now, dear, no evasions. Tell me exactly what it is.

QUEEN MARY

Well, George, I was just wondering. (After a pause.) George dear, just how important are Anglo-American relations?

KING GEORGE

My dear Mary, amicable relations with America are the very cornerstone of our present foreign policy.

QUEEN MARY

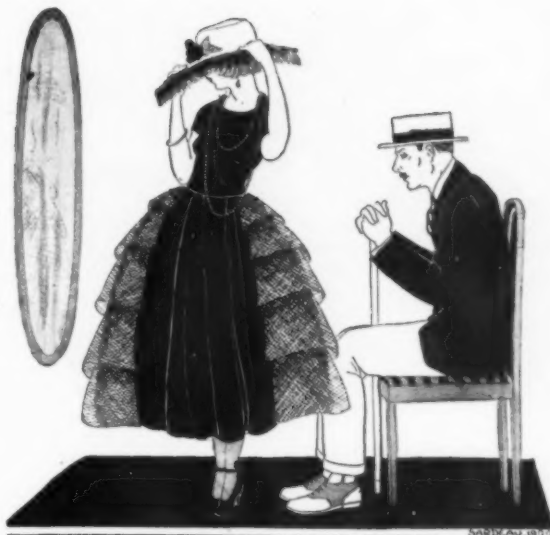
Oh, George, isn't that just too tiresome for words!

KING GEORGE

My dear, you mystify me.



"What's your name, my little man?"  
"I don't know for certain, sir. My mother belongs to the Lucy Stone League."



Mr. Wye: I don't know where women acquired their extravagance in dress—Eve wasn't like that, you know.  
Mrs. Wye: Of course not—there was only one man in the world and she had him.

QUEEN MARY

Well, there's to be a dinner on Thursday week—just an intimate little affair of about two hundred—and I was wondering if—er—if—we—er—

KING GEORGE

Out with it, Mary dear—if we could—what?

QUEEN MARY

If we could leave out George Harvey without offending America.

KING GEORGE

Good Heavens! You can't mean it.

QUEEN MARY

But I do—he's the most difficult guest we've ever had over here.

KING GEORGE

Difficult? How so?

QUEEN MARY

He's such an aristocrat and such a reactionary! Our simple Court ways are much too informal for him. And so I thought that perhaps—

KING GEORGE

Alas, my dear, I fear it's impossible; it's absolutely necessary to include him among your guests.

QUEEN MARY

Very well, dear, just as you say.

KING GEORGE

I am sorry but I shall be in Scotland on that day, laying a foundation stone or something.

(CURTAIN)

Percy Waxman.

## Suspended Judgment

HUSBAND: Did you have a busy time at the sewing circle?

WIFE: We did until the woman arrived that we were talking about!

MANY a small boy, since learning that President Harding shook hands with Babe Ruth the other day, is more determined than ever to become President.





MAY 24th, 1923

Vol. 81. 2116

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Published by  
**LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
 London Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.  
 598 Madison Avenue, New York



**G**OVERNOR SMITH in his relation to the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Law is in the position of the head of a family who has to decide whether or not an operation prescribed by the doctors shall go on. In the matter of the enforcement of the Volstead Law the State of New York is undoubtedly ailing. It is suffering from a complication of diseases. Rum is one disease. The Volstead Law, a very imperfect statute with lies in it, is another. The Mullan-Gage Law is a complication. The objection the lawyers make to it is that so long as it stands an accused person can be twice tried for the same offense, once under the Federal statute and again if necessary under the statute of the state. That is wrong, and because of a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, the only way to right that wrong is to repeal the Mullan-Gage Law.

The enforcement of the Volstead Act in these parts is bad. Perhaps it is improving, perhaps not, but it does not appear that it will be much better or much worse whether the Mullan-Gage Law is repealed or not. The violations of the law are objectionable. The methods used to enforce it by the dry agents are also objectionable. To cure this latter evil two other bills were passed at Albany. They provide against search and seizure without warrant, and if signed will apparently accomplish very much the same sort of relief that would

come from the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Law.

Whatever the Governor does, it does not look as if the condition of the patient would be much improved. Rum running is not a good thing. The violation of the constitutional right of citizens in efforts to prevent the circulation of rum is not a good thing either. Perhaps in the course of the hearings that the Governor has arranged for, some luminous intelligence will suggest some sort of an operation that holds out some prospect of benefiting the patient.

William Anderson of the Anti-Saloon League attributes the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Act to the fact that the Rockefellers cut down their annual subscription to this League from \$75,000.00 to \$25,000.00. There will be those who will think that if the continued existence of the repealed law depended on an annual provision of \$50,000.00 from any subscriber, the law might better die.

William Anderson is not an engaging personality. He is rather a liability than an asset of Prohibition. Yet undoubtedly the enforcement of the present restraints on rum is a disagreeable job which engaging personalities fight shy of. It is rough work and if it gets rough handling no one need wonder.

The great asset of Prohibition is the undoubted fact that whisky has been a nuisance, that the liquor traffic has been abominably selfish and destructive, and that many more people have suffered by it than have got pleasure or profit out of it. Hardly anyone wants back the conditions we had before Prohibition. If we can get better laws than we have now, enforced

by better people, that improvement will be welcome, and it is Governor Smith's job to help us towards it.



**T**HE papers report that Henry Ford has now more money than anybody else. That is because Uncle John Rockefeller has given away about a billion dollars, which leaves him, so the papers report, only about three hundred million. Henry Ford's fortune, based on the statement lately filed by the Ford Motor Company, is put by estimators at seven or eight hundred million dollars.

To have command of so much money as that, even in these times, is to be quite rich, and Henry has got it all together without bootlegging.

The remarkable thing about it is that even with so considerable a fortune credited to him, we do not think of Henry Ford in terms of money. We still think of his mind and what it will put him up to next. Possibly Edison is quite rich, but one does not connect him much with money. One wonders what is the next thing he will work out of electricity. So one speculates not what Henry Ford will be able to buy with his millions (he will have a billion soon) but what considerable changes, if any, this considerable means will help him to work out in manufacture or transportation or whatever his faculties are running on.

Really it is a great compliment to Henry that in spite of all this huge accumulation of capital, the mind of him should still be the most interesting thing about him.

E. S. Martin.





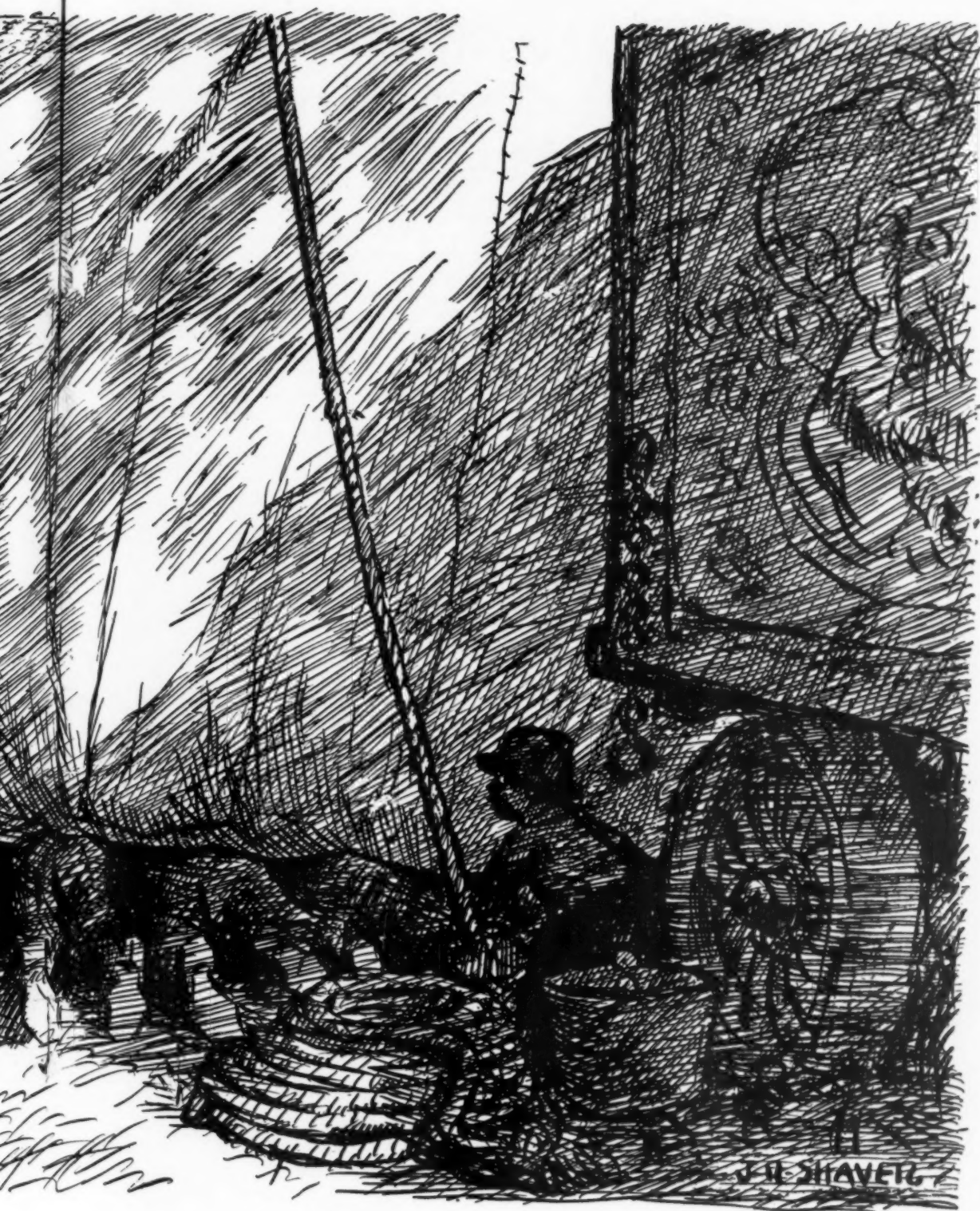
The Well-Wishers





The Blindness





J. H. SHAVER





### Ho-Hum!

THERE isn't much that can be said about "The Mountebank." It certainly isn't bad. Neither is it—what is it you Americans say?—good. Next year, when you are trying to remember what Norman Trevor played in this year, you will have a hazy recollection that it was something about a circus clown who became a brigadier-general.

When there are so many monstrosities stumbling on and off the stage at this time of year, it seems rather ungrateful to speak lightly of a play like "The Mountebank," which really is without any particular offense. It is just one of those "adequate" things, that's all. If you happen to have read the novel by Locke (which we haven't) it probably loses what little suspense it has, for even we were never in doubt that some way would be found to get the French lady (given considerable life by Gabrielle Ravine) out of the way in time for an advantageous alliance between the juggling general and Lady Verity-Stewart-Kemble-Cooper.

We spent quite a little time worrying about that abortive short-arm gesture which Mr. Trevor indulges in to lend force to nothing in particular. If he were a beginner, we should say that he never would become a good actor until he dropped it. He seems to have done very well, however; so probably the best thing is to say nothing about it at all.

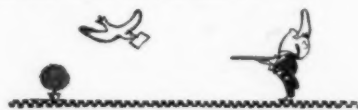


JUST a word about the dog who has a big scene all to himself in the first act. He is very good, we must admit that. But that hardly justified his trying to hog young Mr. Romano's effective scene in the last act on the opening night by barking off-stage at an emotional moment. Someone should point out to him that after a character has been killed in one act, as he was, it is very bad art, to say nothing of manners, to step out of his rôle and try to force his personality across the footlights later in the play.



**B**ETTING memo. made during "The Mountebank"—When a character, telling of an experience which happened several years before, says: "—and I haven't laid eyes on her from that day to this," give odds of ten to three that the lady in question will be the next one to enter (r. c.).

IN "Pride," the French language is given a good run for its *monnaie*. There are as many different accents used as there are members of the cast, for at some time during the evening every one on the stage takes a shot at at least one word. The leading characters alternate, one word of French, one word of English. You can tell which are the French words because they are accompanied by a shrugging of the shoulders and have a slightly nasal quality. The word "*monsieur*," as usual, wins by a large margin, getting a variety of nineteen pronunciations. This is done by several members of the cast each pronouncing it three different ways in the course of the play, a new pronunciation for each of the three acts.



"*A belle France*" comes in every once in a while for mention favorable. Also "the pride of the *de Valmonts*." In fact, the pride of the *de Valmonts* is what gave the play its name. You may think that you have seen proud people in your day, but until you have seen the *de Valmonts* you don't know what pride is. The old *duc* was too proud to let his wife know that he had a mistress. That's where the trouble all started. From then on things went from *mauvais* to *pire*. Finally, a play was written about it.

The *duc* became a waiter, and kept his identity a secret from everyone with the exception of two-thirds of the cast, disclosing it to the remainder only when insulted by a drunken American. Then, being a *duc* and a *de Valmont*, there was nothing else for him to do but draw a pair of new gloves (the *de Valmonts* always carry a pair of gloves on the hip for the purpose) and slap the bouncer across the cheek. Whereupon the scales fell from the eyes of those who had supposed him to be a waiter, and they cried "A *duc*! A *duc*!" For it was indeed he.



MAY we commit literary suicide parenthetically by saying that in our opinion there is only one example in English of a worse use of indiscriminate French words, and that occurs in "Lord Jim," by our distinguished visitor Joseph Conrad? We haven't our copy handy to quote from, as we threw it overboard last summer on completing the page in question. Beyond a certain point, the thing becomes just *ridicule*. *A nous*, that is.

Robert C. Benchley.



# Confidential Guide

BOX OFFICE

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**The Adding Machine.** Comedy—A vivid and highly modern impression of what happens to a bookkeeper both before and after he dies.

**The Apache.** Punch and Judy—To be reviewed next week.

**The Cat and the Canary.** National—Terrific adventures in a haunted house.

**The Ethiopian Art Theatre.** Frasse—To be reviewed next week.

**The Fool.** Times Square—A playwright's idea of how Christ would act in the face of modern problems.

**For Value Received.** Longacre—To be reviewed next week.

**Moscow Art Theatre.** Fifty-Ninth St.—Return engagement of two weeks of Russia's remarkable aggregation of actors.

**Peer Gynt.** Shubert—Joseph Schildkraut as Ibsen's poetic and uneasy hero.

**Rain.** Maxine Elliott's—A play that takes you out of your seat and shakes you, whether you like it or not. Jeanne Eagels as the superb prostitute.

**Romeo and Juliet.** Henry Miller's—Jane Cowl and Rollo Peters putting Shakespeare's little love story on the map.

**Seventh Heaven.** Booth—Acting by Helen Menken.

**Uptown West.** Bijou—A contribution to the Japanese problem.

**The Wasp.** Selwyn—By rights, this melodrama ought to be bunched with the comedies.

**Whispering Wires.** Broadhurst—All about a new way to kill people.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** Republic—A year old this week, in spite of all we could do.

**Aren't We All?** Gaiety—To be reviewed later.

**Barnum Was Right.** George M. Cohan's—Rough-and-tumble farce.

**The Comedian.** Belasco—Lionel Atwill showing how an actor acts.

**The Devil's Disciple.** Garrick—Shaw for one delightful act.

**The Enchanted Cottage.** Ritz—Partly Pinero at his worst and partly very nice whimsy or whatever it is you call it when the impossible happens.

**Give and Take.** Forty-Ninth St.—Extra-heavy comedy.

**Icebound.** Sam H. Harris—A New England story helped out by very good acting.

**The Love Habit.** Princess—French farce in its most palatable form.

**Mary the 3rd.** Thirty-Ninth St.—Rachel Crothers showing that you can say radical things about marriage without offending even Grandma.

**Merton of the Movies.** Cort—Comedy that affects the heart as played by Glenn Hunter.

**The Mountebank.** Lyceum—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Old Soak.** Plymouth—Don Marquis' lovable souse in a play that you have probably seen many times before under other names.

**Polly Preferred.** Little—Amusing movie kidding.

**Pride.** Morosco—Reviewed in this issue.

**So This Is London!** Hudson—Loud-pedal satire on English and Americans.

**Sweet Nell of Old Drury.** Forty-Eighth St.—To be reviewed next week.

**You and I.** Belmont—Smart and very respectable Westchester comedy.

**Zander the Great.** Empire—Alice Brady in an entertaining Western round-up.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Bombo.** Winter Garden—Just a few weeks of Al Jolson.

**Caroline.** Ambassador—For those who look for nothing but music.

**The Clinging Vine.** Knickerbocker—Peggy Wood's voice and other pleasing features.

**Dew Drop Inn.** Astor—To be reviewed later.

**The Gingham Girl.** Central—All right in its way.

**Go-Go.** Daly's—Slightly cheap but keeps you awake.

**How Come?** Apollo—Proving that all Negro shows aren't necessarily good.

**Jack and Jill.** Globe—An elaborate show which may be better than it was before Lew Fields was called in.

**Little Nellie Kelly.** Liberty—One of those Cohan whirlwinds.

**The Music Box Revue.** Music Box—Expensive and good.

**Sally, Irene and Mary.** Century—What you might call "popular."

**Up She Goes.** Playhouse—Very pleasant indeed.

**Wildflower.** Casino—Just about as good music as you will hear in town.

**Ziegfeld Follies.** New Amsterdam—Almost a year old and still running on its own power.



In Strictest Confidence





**"THE EDUCATED HEART,"** by Gelett Burgess (Boni & Liveright), proves a disappointment in a way, because it is neither revelation nor propaganda. Persons whose hearts are properly trained will find no news in it, and persons whose hearts should be reformed were born that way and nothing that Mr. Burgess or anybody else can say will keep them from sending oyster forks to residents of Des Moines and ripping all the *raison d'être* off the clothing they pack up for the Salvation Army. The book contains an entertaining collection of portraits which you will recognize with varied emotions, and its revision of the Golden Rule into "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, *were ye such as they*, do ye even so to them" may make you less complacent in your boast that you always give away for Christmas things that you would like to keep for yourself. That subjunctive clause is something of which even the most generous citizens need to be reminded occasionally. Sending the servants to the theatre is a kindly act, but you must always remember to start them off with the price of admission, not with your own subscription tickets to the Theatre Guild.

It is one of life's ironies that the gentleman who first said, "It isn't so much the gift, it's the thought that counts" should be so universally misinterpreted. Those who are most liberal in the use of his statement are the ones who put the least cerebration upon their bequests.

It is Mr. Burgess' notion that the head should rule the heart a great deal more than it does. And none of LIFE's readers will gainsay him, because it is also his notion that an educated heart walks hand-in-hand with a sense of humor.

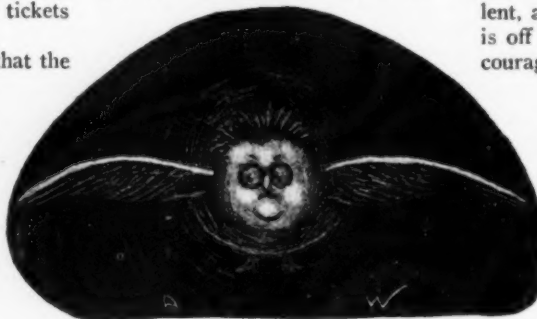
I can't understand, however, what there is to complain of in *Zeroine*, who acknowledged a gift

thus: "All my life I have given away my pink azaleas to my friends; and this is the first time I ever received one." What's wrong with that picture? Mr. Burgess considers it the acme of egotism, but it strikes me as an eloquent declaration of the fact that a pink azalea was *Zeroine's* idea of a present.



Mr. Roland Young's idea of the Sage of Concord—Samuel Merwin.

**W**HEN I first began to read American fiction it was full of politics. Every page seemed to be lighted by a reflection from the dome of some State Capitol, as we plodded along to find out whether



Mr. Roland Young's idea of Alexander Woollcott, who "Shouts and Murmurs" in the *New York Herald*.

or not the noble hero finally gave away the goods on the unscrupulous leader or District Attorney with whose beautiful and only daughter he was in love.

Then our novelists got going on labor and capital. I may exaggerate a little for rhetorical effect, but I

well remember reading at one period a lot of books in which I could relentlessly skip all the hero's speeches to strikers and what the directors said to one another in the library of the heroine's rich and rascally parent.

Then came the war. It was, of course, inevitable that a conflict of such magnitude and tragedy should monopolize the writers of every country during its continuance and for some time thereafter. But the war is over now, and every atom of fiction copy it afforded has long since been painfully and repeatedly abstracted with amazingly monotonous results.

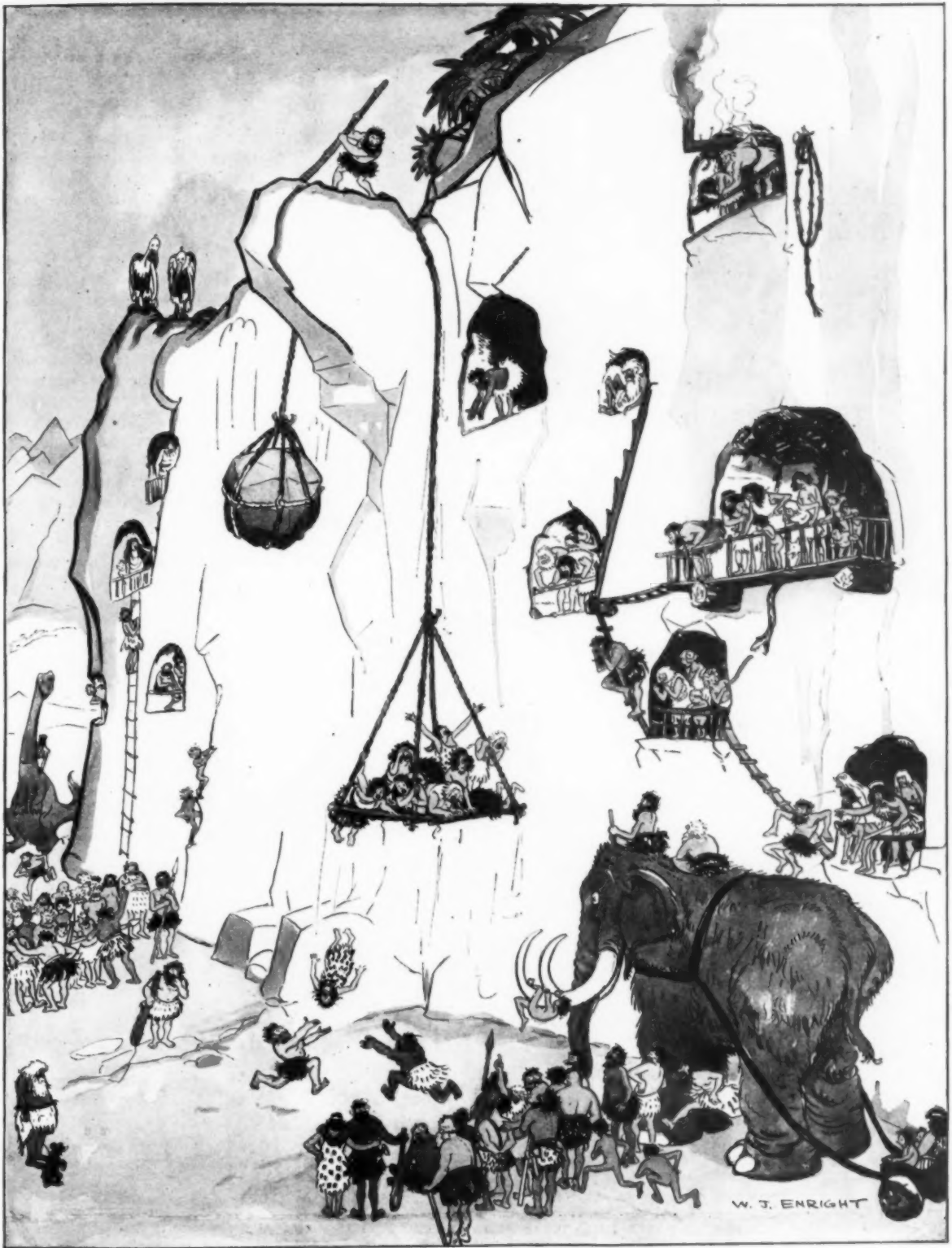
All of which is prefatory to the declaration that Elliot H. Paul's "Impromptu" (Knopf) is an interesting American novel except for the war material. But Mr. Paul has been canny. He has written his book in four movements, and so, if you are as tired as I am of having your stories stirred with a sword, you can skip all of Part Two without losing or knotting a single thread. Why Mr. Knopf didn't cut it right out of the manuscript is beyond me. The characterizations of the two "neurotic, unfortunate but not vicious" principals are excellent, and my newest Reboux model is off to the author for having the courage to put down his pen and leave them flat.

**T**HERE are some books over which the reader finds himself unconsciously beaming as he goes along, and "A World Worth While" (Harper), by W. A. Rogers, is one of them. As the great cartoonist unfolds his reminiscences, anybody who didn't have it by hearsay—and there are few such!

—would be well aware of the rare quality of the man behind them. Mr. Rogers testifies indirectly to that in both text and illustrations, and Booth Tarkington and Joseph St. Amand directly by an introduction and a drawing of the author.

Diana Warwick.





**Necessity Is the Mother of Invention**  
George W. Stoneaxe, with the assistance of his wives, invents the elevator.



# LIFE'S Picture Title Contest—\$1000 in Prizes



This Picture Has No Title

For the best titles to this picture, LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize .....	\$500
Second Prize .....	\$300
Third Prize .....	\$150
Fourth Prize .....	\$50

## CONDITIONS.

(Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.)

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the picture above.

The contest is now open and open to everybody, and will close at this office on June 12th, at noon.

Titles will be judged by three members of LIFE's Editorial Staff, and their decision will be final.

Titles may be original, or may be a quotation from some well-known author. They should not exceed twenty words each. Contestants may send in more than one title, but not more than ten to a sheet.

Should we have duplicates of any of the winning answers, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest (allowing for completion of the final reading.) Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award. The members of LIFE's staff will not compete. All titles should be addressed to LIFE's Picture Title Contest, 598 Madison Avenue, New York. Envelopes should contain nothing but the com-

peting titles, typewritten (or very plainly written), using one side of paper only, with the name and address of the sender on each sheet.

Answers which do not conform to these requirements will not be considered in the contest.

## Flashes in the Pan

It is true that we live in an age of materialism. The chief tragedy of this lies in the quality of the material.

\*\*\*

Who would not rather believe a charming theory than a sound one?

\*\*\*

A first-edition fiend—one who judges a book by its cover.

\*\*\*

Is it possible that we are growing serious over our sentimentalities? What has become of the comic valentine?

\*\*\*

Has the grandeur of yesterday become the ridicule of to-day?

\*\*\*

Did they speak of the "good old days" in the "good old days"?

\*\*\*

Who is as dull a conversationalist as the one who tells nothing but the truth?

\*\*\*

Would a dancer's diary consist mainly of footnotes?



Elton P.

"Why, Mary, how did you break your doll?"  
"She went on a hunger strike, Mama, and I tried forcible feeding."





Joe: We're going to have a shower but it won't last long.



Sam: Why don't you take your caddy under your umbrella?



Joe: He's all right, he's keeping dry under a tree.



Sam: I take good care



of my caddies. They always



return it.



The Caddy: Gee, what luck. The only match I had.



Sam: Now the rain's over, I can light my last cigarette.



Joe: They always return it!

"Be good to your caddy—he always returns it."



# The SILENT DRAMA



## Sir Rupert the Bold

**MAJOR RUPERT HUGHES** is a source of untold satisfaction to this department. He is, apparently, the only important personage in the movie world who reads my reviews regularly.

Whenever I offer any critical remarks concerning a Rupert Hughes picture, I know that the versatile Major will scan my observations—and will take the trouble to answer them in kind. He never lets me get away with anything. He is a genuine comfort.

In reviewing his latest production, "Souls for Sale," I complained that it was not a true picture of Hollywood life (as it was vehemently represented to be, in the sub-titles and in the attendant advertisements). Major Hughes attempted to create sympathy for the film stars by proving that they risk their lives. I ventured the opinion that in this respect they have nothing on window-cleaners, pedestrians, critics and other average citizens.

**AS** soon as these remarks had reached the news-stands, I received the following letter:

"Speaking of bunk, what peculiar logic you use! To prove how false it was of me to show the risks the movie actors run, you say a window-cleaner also runs risks! Therefore, if I had a window-cleaner hero and showed him on a ledge, you'd call it cheap and obvious, because movie actors also run risks. If I had shown a movie actor in any other human activity, you would say that somebody else also loved, hated, brooded, or whatever other people do.

"But what justification have you for saying that the characters are represented as 'abnormal' or 'freakish,' 'under intolerable nerv-

ous strain' or 'living in a weird locality'?

"I photographed actual people in actual scenes doing familiar things characteristic of the movie life. There was no propaganda about it except to show that they worked hard under certain hardships.

"You are the hysterical, lurid, weird and freakish individual, and I am genuinely wondering what sort of plot you would write to represent Hollywood as you saw it. I have not sold my soul, but you have mislaid your intelligence, if any.

"I never read a sillier criticism.

"Yours in trouble again,  
RUPERT HUGHES."

**WELL**, by way of answer, let us assume that Rupert Hughes *had* used a window-cleaner for his hero, and subjected him to the same treatment as that accorded *Remember Steedon* in "Souls for Sale."

The leading part would be played by a well-known window-cleaner, and other well-known window-cleaners would serve as atmosphere in the background of the picture. The hero would move through a melodrama as distorted and unreal as any that ever appeared in the pages of "Frank Merriwell" or "Old King Brady." Much would be made of the fact that he daily risked his life "for his art," even though he didn't make money enough to buy anything better than imitation pearls for his wife.

Major Hughes would garnish this story of an ordinary human being with sub-titles which exalted this heroic soul beyond all reason and extracted a tremendous moral lesson from his example; and the Goldwyn publicity department, in advertising the film, would proclaim the fact that "Rupert Hughes Has Drawn Aside the Veil of Secrecy

Which Surrounds the Window-Cleaner's Life."

In that event, I should probably write another review like the one of "Souls for Sale." And Major Hughes would most certainly write another letter.

## "Within the Law"

**ALTHOUGH** we are told that the United States is a law-abiding nation, it is singularly true that the public's sympathy in a criminal case is nearly always on the side of the defendant. Astute writers of crook melodramas usually make fools of the police force, knowing that their audiences will sympathize with the crooks.

For this reason, "Within the Law" is distinctly popular material. As a play, it ran profitably for years; and it will probably repeat this success in the movies.

With Frank Lloyd as director, Norma Talmadge as star and a splendid supporting cast, "Within the Law" is a fine picture. It plays havoc with the forces of law and order, it gets in a few digs at the moneyed interests and it proves conclusively that Barnum was right.

Lew Cody is the arch-crook of the piece, and he is thoroughly likable in the part. He was also the villain in "Souls for Sale" (see column one), but his base treachery in that photodrama left me cold. When, in "Within the Law," he shoots the stool-pigeon (accompanying his bullet with such epithets as "skunk" and "rat"), I was moved to cheers, and I vowed that the next traffic cop who insulted me would be rewarded with a swift kick.

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 32)





## THE WORLD'S FINEST SERVICE *with* THE WORLD'S FINEST TIRES

To many thousands of American tire users, the name Republic has come to be regarded as the symbol of excellence. It is the mark by which they measure tire values. It stands, as it has always stood, for a product of the finest workmanship, built of the highest grade raw materials.

Still further, the name Republic stands for a roadside tire service,—a reliable, efficient, courteous service, marked by the well-known "Sign of the Eagle."

To you as a motorist, therefore, the name Republic means motoring free from the inconvenience and expense of tire trouble. A superior tire, a Certified Dealer service,—this is the unbeatable combination for comfort and economy found wherever the "Sign of the Eagle" is displayed. Look for the sign.

# REPUBLIC TIRES

WITH SILENT NON-SKID STAGGARD STUDS





### Catastrophic

It was in the midst of a nose dive, and Reginald, who was making his first flight, tugged frantically at the pilot's sleeve.

"We better get away from here," he shrieked; "the earth's swelling up like a balloon and it's liable to bust any minute."

—Washington Sun Dodger.

### The Birthday Party

GRANDPA (buying himself a birthday present): I want a really good mechanical toy.

SHOPMAN: Yes sir. About how old is the child?

GRANDPA: Seventy-four to-morrow.  
—Windsor Magazine (London).

MOTOR CAR DEALER (to prospect): Man, I'll sell this car so cheap you'll feel like an auto thief.

—Atchison Globe.

"WHAT is a moral victory?"

"Twin to an artistic success."

—New York Herald.



"I give you fair warning—if you hit me below the belt I'll have you disqualified."

—Le Rire (Paris).

### Her Cares

The five-year-old daughter came from school, and the child's mother, noticing how tired she looked, asked her if there was anything wrong. The little one replied: "Oh, nothing. Mother, only I was worrying about you." "Why, dear, were you worrying about me?" asked the mother. "Well, because I was afraid you would be worrying about me."

—New York Sun.

### King Takes Queen

"I think I must have been King Tut's first wife in the long past ages," she murmured rapturously as she gazed at the stars.

"No, you weren't," he replied.

"What proof have you?" she icily inquired.

"I was King Tut himself."

—Michigan Gargoyle.

### Wormwood

"Can't we have this Chianti served in glasses instead of in cups?" was the query. "No," said the waiter. "I think that's against the law."

—New York World.

A GOOD loser is all well enough, but it isn't as much fun to beat him.

—American Golfer.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England.

The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, The American News Company, Ltd., 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.

### A Faultless Pal

#### In the Wee, Wee Hours

Wee hour pals are often frivolous, they sparkle when the evening's young, but lose their lustre when the evening wanes. That is why discerning men go home to the luxurious comfort, the ample roominess, and the perfect pal-ship of Faultless Pajamas.

Men who care for sound, luxurious sleep, have slept in Faultless Pajamas, Night Shirts and Sleep Coats since 1881.

Faultless Nightwear, since 1881, has been cut to conform to the lines of the body from shoulders to ankles. There is ample room at the shoulders, elbows and knees. No binding, chafing, or pinching anywhere. The buttons stay put.

Faultless Nightwear is made of exquisite fabrics to fit any stature, any pocketbook. Ask for Faultless Nightwear and sleep in comfort ever after.

FAULTLESS NIGHTWEAR CORPORATION  
BALTIMORE NEW YORK CHICAGO

Rest assured  
**Faultless**  
SINCE 1881  
"The NIGHTwear of a Nation!"  
Pajamas Sleepcoats Nightshirts

"Cheerfulness:  
Something We really Need  
To Satisfy a Real Want."

Do your part, therefore,  
Subscribe to

*Life*

and satisfy your natural craving for the amusing idea, the cheerful thought, that will lighten care and depression. As the streets of Jerusalem were kept clean by each man sweeping before his own door, so let your smile make your own world brighter and happier! Read LIFE with its Laugh on Every Page for half a year, and note your gain in cheerfulness, or try our

#### Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40.)  
Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

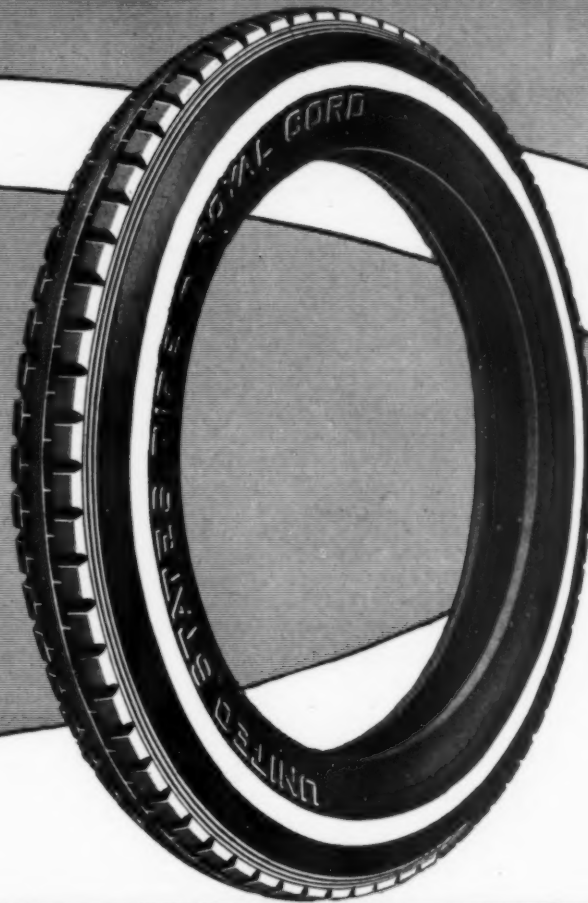
LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York

One Year \$5

Canadian \$5.80

Foreign \$6.60  
108





*One million  
new users  
will say this year:  
"Royal Cords!"*

## If this happens to be the year you come over to Royal Cords

**T**HERE'S not much difference between the way a man buys his first U.S. Royal Cord and the way he buys any other tire.

But there comes a time a little later when he thinks back to see how he came to ask for a Royal Cord.

And why he didn't do it sooner.

\* \* \*

If 1923 happens to be the year you come over to Royal Cords you are likely to notice this—

You didn't buy Royal Cords on the strength of any advertised extravagant mileages.

The makers of Royal Cords believe in

letting each tire user make his own comparisons on his own car. That provides every man with the facts in the form most useful to him.

You didn't buy Royal Cords on an impulse. The conviction that the Royal Cord is a good tire had been growing with you for some time.

You didn't buy Royal Cords merely because they are the product of the largest rubber organization in the world.

More than anything else, it has been the simple, understandable policies of the Royal Cord people that have made the Royal Cord seem a tire of personal responsibility.

\* \* \*

It has been the growing understanding among men that Royal Cord value conscientiously out-tops all other tire values today.

## United States Tires are Good Tires



# HOO-DYE



## The Shock Absorber

used exclusively on a majority of the world's finest motor cars.

There is no car so finely made or beautifully balanced that it does not need the cushioning comfort of Hoo-Dye Hydraulic control.

Hoo-Dye and riding comfort are inseparable for one cannot be obtained without the other.

THE HOUDAILLE COMPANY  
1418 West Avenue Buffalo, N. Y.  
Houde Eng. Corp., Mfrs.



### A Waste of Breath

PANEL DOCTOR (to gloomy patient): You must drive away this depression. Practise a spirit of cheerfulness. Sing at your work, as it were.

PATIENT: Sing at my work? Why, it can't be done, sir. I'm a glass blower.—Punch.

AND who was the deceased motorist that held the Non-Stop, Look and Listen record?—Brooklyn Eagle.

## Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### Marking Time

A Negro called upon an old friend, who received him in a rocking chair and continued to rock himself to and fro in a most curious way.

"Yo' ain't sick, is yo', Harrison?" asked the caller, anxiously.

"No, I ain't sick, Mose," said Harrison.

There was a moment's silence, during which the caller gazed wide-eyed at the rocking figure.

"Den," continued Mose, "why does yo' rock yo'self dat way all de time?"

Harrison explained: "Yo' know Bill Blott? Well, he sold me a silver watch cheap, an' if I stops moving like dis, dat watch don't go!"—Tit-Bits.

### Right at Headquarters

"That saloon next to the police station is doing the biggest business in town."

"It ought to—it has the best protection."—Wesleyan Wasp.

### Burying the Hatchet

In an attempt to settle the war of rivalry that has so long existed between the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, it was decided by the civic organizations of the two cities to have a banquet and get-together meeting to see if ways and means could not be found to bury all animosities.

After partaking of good food and pre-Volstead refreshments, speeches were in order. The chairman called on a prominent citizen of Minneapolis, who in a very forcible manner eulogized the twin cities, their resources, their advantages, and the pleasure of living in the united city.

When he had finished, a gentleman from St. Paul arose and stated that there was just one question he wanted to ask: "What shall we name the united city?"

The gentleman from Minneapolis arose and, after considerable thinking, said: "I would name it Minnehaha—'Minne' for Minneapolis and 'Ha! Ha!' for St. Paul."—Forbes.

### The Addict

Among Jimmie Maiden's favorite stories is the one concerning the two men who were getting acquainted through the medium of casual conversation.

"Do you play golf?" inquired one of them.

"No," said the other; "but I can't give it up."—New York Herald.

### Simplification

The following is an example of the simplicities of "pidgin" English, as set forth in a bill rendered by a Jap taxi driver in Hilo, Hawaii:

"10 comes and 10 goes at 50c a went, \$5."—Washington Star.

A BRITISH visitor says that the New Yorkers go about "frowning with competitive meditations." Rather neat, that!—Boston Transcript.



Time to Re-tire?  
Buy  
**FISK**



### Free Versatility

I AM an unusually versatile young man.

I have taken all the correspondence courses and have been thoroughly trained in bookkeeping, electrical engineering, cartooning, business administration and motion picture technique.

I have subscribed for ten years to the *Literary Digest*, and can argue fairly and accurately on both sides of every important question.

I have devoured all of the sixty-eight volumes of the Book of Etiquette, and know that a soup plate should be tilted away from the eater, that a man should always remove his hat when greeting a lady of his acquaintance and that the groom should stand on the bride's right during the wedding ceremony.

I read *Vanity Fair* every month and am thoroughly familiar with the progress of Art, Music, Society, Sculpture, the Drama, the Cinema and the latest wit in London, New York, Paris and other well-known capitals.

I also read the *American Magazine* and fully understand the secret of success.

I have mastered the art of Public Speaking, and am never at a loss when called upon suddenly to address a large assemblage of people.

I have gone through Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf inch by inch, and am on easy speaking terms with all that is best in literature.

I have developed my personality to the breaking point.

But somehow or other, my numerous and varied accomplishments don't seem to get me anywhere. There is one serious catch in the machinery.

I can't get a job.

R. E. S.

IRELAND has one of the earmarks of a free state. She starts with a deficit.

## A Lifetime's Travel in Four Months



### EIGHTEEN COUNTRIES IN ONE CRUISE

#### Canadian Pacific Agents

Atlanta . 49 N. Forsyth Street  
Boston . 405 Boylston Street  
Buffalo . 160 Pearl Street  
Chicago . 40 N. Dearborn St.  
Cincinnati . 430 Walnut Street  
Cleveland . 1040 Prospect Ave.  
Detroit . 1239 Griswold St.  
Duluth . Soo Line Depot  
Kansas City, Mo. .  
601 Railway Exchange Bldg.  
Los Angeles . 605 S. Spring St.  
Minneapolis . 611 2nd Ave., S.  
Montreal . 141 Saint James St.  
New York .  
Madison Ave. at 44th St.  
Philadelphia . Locust & 15th St.  
Pittsburgh . 340 Sixth Avenue  
Portland, Ore. . 55 Third St.  
San Francisco . 675 Market St.  
Seattle . 608 Second Avenue  
St. Louis . 420 Locust Street  
Tacoma . 1113 Pacific Ave.  
Toronto . 1 King St., East  
Vancouver . C. P. R. Station  
Washington, D. C. .  
1419 New York Avenue  
Winnipeg . Portage & Main St.

#### To Sail Around The World! To ports of a thousand romances!

Now, for the first time, you can make the Grand Tour on the magnificent *Empress of Canada* [26,650 tons displacement] under Canadian Pacific management. This simple statement guarantees the high character of this Cruise Magnificent scheduled to sail from New York, January 30, 1924. Everything will be Canadian Pacific standard—there is none better.

What golden experiences, what priceless memories these four months will give you—four months that yield a lifetime's travel!

Fare \$1600 and up from starting point in United States or Canada, back to starting point. Limit 500 guests.

Shore excursions at ports of call included in fare. Privilege of side trip across India. Fifteen days overland Shanghai to Yokohama. Eight days across the Flowery Kingdom. Privilege of stop-over in China or Japan, using any later *Empress* to Vancouver.

Romance is excelsis. The last stone in the arch of culture. The greatest of all vacations. Around the globe under the flag of a Canadian Pacific *Empress*. The world is a passing pageant at your feet.

Let the nearest Canadian Pacific Steamship Agent send you booklet and particulars.  
Let him look after all arrangements for you.

## Canadian Pacific *Round the World* Cruise

IT SPANS THE WORLD  
CANADIAN PACIFIC OFFICES ALL OVER THE WORLD

## Mouquin Vermont

BORDEAUX, FRANCE.

You can still get the unsurpassed flavor and blending qualities of Mouquin's famous Vermont—the product of 64 years experience in wine making.

Demand the genuine by name at your dealer's. French or Italian style.

"ORIGINAL RECIPES"

The booklet of wonderful secrets—free upon request.

**Mouquin**

Restaurant & Wine Co.,

N. Y. Office, 483 W. B'way. Tel. Spring 0044.



### Week-enders

WEEK-ENDERS who leave town Thursday and return on Tuesday; week-enders who are never without the proper costume for every occasion; week-enders who take only a tooth-brush and a comb; week-enders who rise at dawn; week-enders who fail to get up for dinner; week-enders who arrive at three in the morning and are taken for burglars; week-enders who write bread-and-butter letters; week-enders who never leave town; week-enders who never return to town.



**YOU** have them in your home—put them on your car.

Edison MAZDA Auto Lamps are dependable. Carry a kit of spare lamps as you carry a spare tire.

**EDISON MAZDA LAMPS**

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

### Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 7)

young a man should be thus afflicted, she related how he had joined with his Italian barber in the making of a great quantity of claret, and had subsequently been so fearful that it would turn to vinegar on him that he had consumed it even with his breakfast. Daily now do we hear of some such evil sprung from Prohibition. . . Jack White to dine with us, all a-twitter over having almost dropped a five-

### An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

dollar gold piece into the nickel slot of a booth telephone. An I had, quoth Jack, I should have ripped the instrument off the wall and taken it right along home with me.

**May 19th** The morning and most of the afternoon gone straightening out desks

and table-drawers, and then to Florence Kimball's for tea, where a gay company, including a Mistress Salisbury in a black gown with such ravishing sleeves that I mean to copy them if it be the last thing I do on earth, nor will she care greatly, since she lives in Burlingame, Cal. A great deal of mad stir, and Ben Powell, who plays jazz on the pianoforte, did sing a song called "Down in the Lehigh Valley," which caused such merriment that we thought every new ring must be the superintendent. And Ben did tell me how he had got all agog over a fortune teller's prophecy that he would soon receive a business letter from Europe, and how the very next day a bill, about which he had forgotten, had come from his London tailor. Home reluctantly and late, Sam having summoned me twice by telephone.

B. L.

### The Fettered Soul

I WISH I were not so in chains  
To customs and to common use;  
A large umbrella, when it rains,  
I fain would spread, nor care a deuce.

I brim with unfulfilled desires,  
My bosom teems with smothered loves;

Sadly my better self aspires  
To wear a pair of yellow gloves.

I wish convention would permit  
A stroll bareheaded down the street,

I wish it were not wrong to flit  
About with pale, uncovered feet;  
I wish a beard did not evoke

The ribald shout, the churlish grin—

But principally I would cloak  
My hands in yellow chamois skin.

The things that I would like to do  
Are not unreasonable, but  
Each impulse meekly I subdue,  
Through fear of being styled a nut.

No one, I know, is wholly free:  
The mob, with arbitrary shoves,  
Regulates conduct—yet, ah me!—  
Those yellow gloves! Those yellow gloves!

S. K.

"My daughter did the whole course in only three years."

"That's nothing; my son did it on three sets of tires."

**Did you ever want to throw an egg into an electric fan? Or a tomato at a dress shirt? See "Crazy Impulses" --- words and drawings by John T. McCutcheon**

in JUNE

**Cosmopolitan**

at all news stands

*Auto Tours in Europe*

Private Parties of 2 or 4 personally escorted and driven by Members of CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY. Selected Routes to suit individual requirements. Luxurious Private Cars. Inclusive Rates. Please apply for Booklet early to O. Gunston, 15, Station Rd., Cambridge, England.





## A MESSAGE to GARCIA

By  
Elbert Hubbard

Considered by many the greatest piece of inspirational literature ever written.

OVER forty million copies of the "Message" were printed during Elbert Hubbard's lifetime. This is said to be the largest circulation for a literary venture ever attained during the lifetime of the author. It was in the March, 1899, issue of *The Philistine* that "A Message to Garcia" was first printed. It met with instant success and was reprinted in over 200 magazines and newspapers. George H. Daniels of the New York Central Railroad ordered copies in half million lots. Prince Hilakoff, Director of Russian Railways, had it translated into Russian and a copy given to every railroad employee in Russia. It has been translated into all written languages. During the World War three of the Allied Governments distributed it to the soldiers in the trenches. A copy of this dynamic preaching is yours for the asking. Just clip the coupon and mail to us today.

Fourteen years were consumed in the writing of the work that ranks to-day as Elbert Hubbard's masterpiece. In 1894 the series of

### Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great

was begun, and once a month for fourteen years, without a break, one of these little pilgrimages was given to the world.

In all there are one hundred and eighty-two "Little Journeys" that take us to the homes of the men and women who transformed the thought of their time, changed the course of empires and marked the destiny of civilization.

Following Hubbard's tragic death on the "Lusitania" in 1915, announcement was made from East Aurora that the *Philistine Magazine* would be discontinued. Hubbard had gone on a long journey and might need his "Philistine."

The same spirit of devotion has prompted The Roycrofters to issue their Memorial edition of "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great."

#### Mail Coupon for Very Special Quotation and Free Little Journey Booklet

A limited number of the Memorial sets will be distributed at a very special price, so low, in fact, that we cannot publish the price broadcast. To do so might possibly interfere with the future sale of the edition. Therefore, we will name this introductory price only by letter to those sending in the following coupon.

#### THE ROYCROFTERS East Aurora, N. Y.

I shall be pleased to receive, without obligation on my part, a copy of Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia," and further information about The Roycrofters' Memorial Edition of "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great."

Name .....

Address .....

Life 5-24-23

### Virtue and Rewards

ONCE there was a wealthy and public-spirited man whose only weakness was a desire to see his name in print. He hoped thus to become known for what he was—a doer of good deeds.

Largely through his contributions, construction of a much-needed hospital was made possible. The press gave the announcement of his gift the customary six lines.

Financed by him, eminent doctors worked many years and finally found a cure for a terrible disease. Long accounts of the discovery were printed, in most of which the name of the wealthy man, if it appeared at all, was buried in the last paragraph.

Successively, he presented an art museum with notable canvases, gave to a public library many rare editions he had collected, deeded to the city wherein he lived a large tract of land for a public park, and founded a fund to provide milk for poor schoolchildren.

In each instance the announcement of his benefaction was made on a day when plenty of sensational news was available. Consequently, no paper gave space that totaled more than a half-column for the four stories.

Then his daughter decided to divorce her husband; and every newspaper in the country, in connection with the filing of the complaint, devoted two columns or more to articles on the wealthy man's life and deeds. J. K. M.

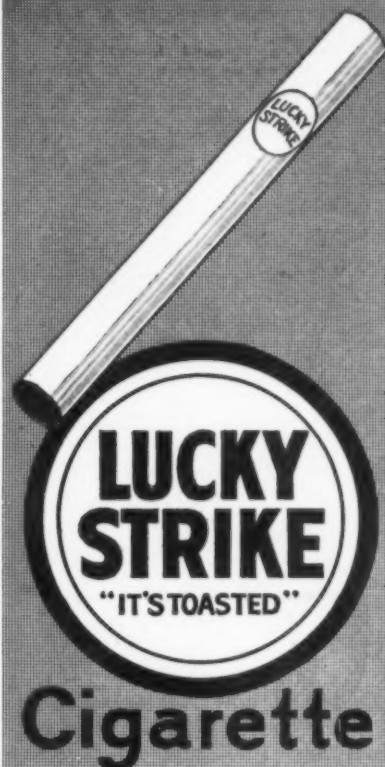


"Who told you I was twenty-five?"

"Your mother."

"As if she knew anything about it."

—Buen Humor (Madrid).



It's toasted. This one extra process gives a delightful flavor that cannot be duplicated. To know how good a cigarette can be, you must try a Lucky Strike.

**SKY WRITING!**  
Have you seen it?  
An airplane writing Lucky Strike on the sky—two words 6½ miles long—each letter a mile high. The advertising sensation of 1923.

Guaranteed by  
*The American Tobacco Co.*  
INCORPORATED



**BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT**

**FROM JASON WEILER & SONS**  
of Boston, Mass., one of America's  
leading diamond importers

For over 40 years the house of Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston, has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling to jewellers. However, a large business is done direct by mail with customers at importing prices! Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should surely interest any present or prospective diamond purchaser.



**1 carat, \$145.00**  
This one carat diamond is of good brilliancy. Mounted in Tiffany style 18K solid gold setting. Order this diamond, take it to any expert, make any comparisons you wish—if you are not entirely satisfied your money will be returned at once without a quibble. Our price **\$145.00** direct to you.



**Ladies' Platinum \$305.00**  
**Diamond Ring**—Perfectly cut blue white diamond of exceptional brilliancy with four smaller perfectly cut, blue white diamonds on the sides. The ring is all platinum, beautifully pierced and carved.



**Fashion Favors the Effective Combination of Diamonds set in beautifully designed White Gold Rings decorated with rich, blue Sapphires.** This exquisitely pierced Ring of 18K Solid White Gold is mounted with a perfectly cut blue-white Diamond of fine brilliancy and 6 square cut Sapphires, 3 on each side. **\$150.00**

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:  
1/4 carat, \$31.00 1/2 carat, \$73.00 2 carats, \$290.00  
3/4 carat, \$50.00 1 1/2 carats, \$217.00 3 carats, \$435.00

We refer you as to our reliability to any bank or newspaper in Boston

If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any Express Co. with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

**WRITE TODAY FOR THIS VALUABLE CATALOG FREE ON "HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"**

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy Diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities of a Million Dollars worth of Diamonds, is considered an authority.



Write for your copy today Free

**Jason Weiler & Sons**

371 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Diamond Importers Since 1876

Foreign Agencies: Amsterdam, London and Paris

### Table Luxury

THE Delicatessen Man  
Is Spick and Span.

He's Clean and Neat;  
Gets Lots to Eat.

He's Nicely Spiced, he is Well Fed—  
He has a Pleasantly Polished Head.

If I were One of a Cannibal Clan,  
I'd Dine on a Delicatessen Man!  
C. B. E.

**FIRST YOUNGSTER:** What are you studying French for?

**SECOND YOUNGSTER:** So I won't have to take music lessons.

## THE SILENT DRAMA

### Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

**The Famous Mrs. Fair.** Metro—Fred Niblo's production of James Forbes's play—intelligently treated and consistently interesting.

**Bella Donna.** Paramount—Pola Negri, appearing in various German films, established a legitimate reputation as a great actress. But then, one day, she went to Hollywood . . . and you can judge the result for yourself.

**Daddy.** First National—The miraculous Jackie Coogan again proves that he is incapable of hokum.

**The Bright Shawl.** First National—A feeble story of the Cuban revolution, with Richard Barthelmess doing what he can in a thankless rôle.

**Souls for Sale.** Goldwyn—An orgy of sentiment, in which Rupert Hughes attempts to prove that Hollywood isn't as red as it is painted.

**Safety Last.** Pathé—Another sure-fire comedy with Harold Lloyd as the center of excitement.

**You Can't Fool Your Wife.** Paramount—One of those society things, with costly clothes, marital infidelity and frolics on the beach at Miami. The plot is unspeakably foolish, but it is partially redeemed by the fine work of Lewis Stone and Leatrice Joy.

**Where the Pavement Ends.** Metro—A slow but sure romance of the South Seas, directed by Rex Ingram.

**The Nth Commandment.** Paramount—More propaganda for California and against New York.

**Suzanna.** First National—Mabel Normand is delightful, even if the story in which she appears is not.

**Jazzmania.** Metro—Mae Murray continues to advertise her physique in a silly, crude, boring picture.

**The Covered Wagon.** Paramount—Emerson Hough, who wrote "The Covered Wagon," died three weeks ago. He could have left no finer legacy than this stirring story of the days when the great open spaces really were open, and when men really were men.

**For Review Next Week—"Backbone," "The Ne'er-Do-Well," "The Rustle of Silk" and "Vanity Fair."**

## Hair Stays Combed, Glossy


"Hair-Groom" Keeps Hair Combed—Well-Groomed



Millions Use It—Fine for Hair!  
—Not Sticky, Greasy or Smelly

A few cents buys jar of "Hair-Groom" at any drugstore, which makes even stubborn, unruly or shampooed hair stay combed all day in any style you like. "Hair-Groom" is a dignified combing cream which gives that natural gloss and well-groomed effect to your hair—that final touch to good dress both in business and on social occasions.

Greaseless, stainless "Hair-Groom" does not show on the hair because it is absorbed by the scalp, therefore your hair remains so soft and pliable and so natural that no one can possibly tell you used it.



# The BILTMORE

MADISON AVE., 43rd TO 44th STREETS  
NEW YORK

Tea in the Palm Room  
Dancing  
in the Supper Room

JOHN M.E. BOWMAN,  
President

CAREY PRINTING CORPORATION  
New York City-Bethlehem-Philadelphia



"It's perfectly awful! Do you know what your son has just called me? 'Filthy old nuisance!'"  
"You shouldn't let him be with the maids so much. The poor child repeats everything he hears!"  
—L'illustration (Paris).





*Highland Father:* Wullie, if I pit a dollar in yer wee bank,  
wud it mak ye laugh?

*Dour Youngster:* Aye, Feyther; but if ye sent it in tae  
LIFE for a ten weeks' subscreption,  
'twould mak me laugh muckle harrderrrr!

## *Hoot, Jock! It's a Bargain!*

**D**IG down into your sporran, cleave off the coupon—and, bang! goes another four shillings. We'll give you ten for one dollar—including and assuring:

*The Commencement Number*

*The Canadian Number*

*The Fourth of July Number*

and seven other regular numbers of LIFE that will bring a Scotch mist to your eyes from laughing. All for **ONE DOLLAR**. Doesn't that get you hot under the collie?

Dear LIFE:

Here's my dollar for a ten weeks' subscription (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40). I know thistle do me a lot of good.

Clannishly yours,

283

*Obey that impulse . . . Don't do us dirk.*

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York  
One year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60).





## Like Putting a New Battery in a Flashlight

PUTTING a Colgate "Refill" Shaving Stick into the "Handy Grip" is very simple, and it is done in a few seconds.

The "Handy Grip" lasts for years. "Refills," threaded to fit it, cost you the price of the soap alone. There is no waste.

In addition to its *handiness*, and the economy it enables you to practice, Colgate's makes a copious lather that softens the beard *at the base*, where the razor's work is done.

It leaves the face smooth, cool and refreshed.

Send us 10c for the "Handy Grip," the metal container, and a trial-size shaving stick. Then buy "Refills" anywhere, as you need them, for the price of the soap alone. Three months' easy shaving in each "Refill," for less than the price of a day's cigars.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 23 199 Fulton St., New York



# COLGATE'S

"HANDY GRIP"

The Refill Shaving Stick